

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 947.—26 July, 1862.

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## NEW BOOKS

Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of The Knoxville Whig. Published by George W. Childs, Philadelphia.

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## HOMELESS.

It is cold dark midnight, yet listen  
To that patter of tiny feet !  
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,  
Who whines in the bleak cold street ?—  
Is it one of your silken spaniels  
Shut out in the snow and the sleet ?  
  
My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,  
Safe from the darkness and snow ;  
All the beasts in our Christian England  
Find pity wherever they go—  
(Those are only the homeless children  
Who are wandering to and fro,

Look out in the gusty darkness—  
I have seen it again and again,  
That shadow, that flits so slowly  
Up and down past the window pane :—  
It is surely some criminal lurking  
Out there in the frozen rain ?

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,  
They are pitied and taught and fed ;  
That is only a sister-woman,  
Who has got neither food nor bed—  
And the Night cries “sin to be living,”  
And the River cries “sin to be dead.”

Look out at that farthest corner  
Where the wall stands blank and bare :—  
Can that be a pack which a pedler  
Has left and forgotten there ?  
His goods lying out unsheltered  
Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay ;—goods in our thrifty England  
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,  
For each man knows the market value  
Of silk or woollen or cotton.  
But in counting the riches of England  
I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chattels  
Have weight for good or for ill ;  
But the Poor are only His image,  
His presence, his word, his will—  
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep  
And Dives neglects him still.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## THE CAROUSAL.

FROM PRIOR.

I DRANK, I liked it not ; 'twas rage, 'twas  
noise ;  
An airy scene of transitory joys.  
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl  
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.  
To the late revel and protracted feast  
Wild dreams succeeded and disordered rest ;  
And as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light  
Roke through the fumes and phantoms of the  
night,

What had been said, I asked my soul, what  
done,  
How flowed our mirth, and when the source  
began.  
Perhaps the jest that charmed the sprightly  
crowd  
And made the jovial table laugh so loud  
To some false notion, owed its false pretence  
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,  
To a vile sonnet, or a wanton air,  
Offence and torture to the sober ear.  
Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought  
From this man's error, from another's fault.  
From topics which good nature should forget,  
And prudence mention with the last regret.  
Add yet unnumbered ills that lie unseen  
In the pernicious draught, the word obscene  
Or harsh, which once elated, must ever fly  
Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,  
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate,  
What we should shun and what we ought to  
hate.  
Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus and rage  
To different ills alternately engage,  
Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees  
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,  
Mem'ry confused, and interrupted thought,  
Death's harbinger, lie latent in the draught ;  
And in the flowers, that wreath the sparkling  
bowl,  
Fall adders hiss and poisonous serpents roll.

## SEA-LORE.

Up stole, creeping on the shore,  
Rolling, cresting, o'er and o'er,  
The tide-waves, whispering evermore  
To rocks and sands the ocean-lore.

Lore of many a mile-deep sea  
Blue, rising, sinking endlessly  
O'er depths, once mountain, plain, and tree,  
Now merged and sunk eternally.

Lore of earthquake, storm, and flood,  
That swallowed, scorched, and bathed in blood ;  
Or whelmed in boiling depths of mud,  
Hill, forest, beast, bird, flower, and bud.

Lore of diamonds, pearls, and gold,  
Wealth of cities vast and old,  
And peoples, over whom has rolled  
Ocean for age on age untold.

Waves whispering of ancient lore,  
Ere, ever bounded by the shore,  
The ocean lashed, with tameless roar,  
Sand, land, and rocks for evermore.

Lore of wrecks untold and dread ;  
Millions asleep on ocean's bed ;  
Bones, shell-crusted, heaped and spread,  
'Till the great deep gives up its dead.

From The Eclectic Review.

MISS ROSSETTI'S GOBLIN MARKET.\*

WE have ever been of the number of those who speak of the rare delight and refreshment with which they have read some volumes of poems by a new or unknown hand ; and the truth is, such delight is a very common happening to us. Whether it arises from our wholly inartistic nature, that we are unhappily so constituted as to be, which few critics are, easily pleased, we know not nor care to inquire, but so it is ; we are much more surprised by the amazing quantity of good refreshing poetry which is produced in stray volumes, charming a few readers for an hour or two, and floating away into oblivion, than disposed to be hypercritical or indignant at the production of bad, worthless, or even feeble poetry. Doubtless there is enough of all this latter order ; but what a succession there is of genuine harpers, harping with their harps. Here, in Miss Rossetti's volume, is a volume of really true poetry. That critics may find sundry imperfections here and there in conception or expression is very likely. Critics are always perfect, and the sum of every attribute in their own being, and not less in the artist faculty by which they are able to represent their almighty. Criticisms, therefore, are, by ordinary mortals, to be expected, and it will ever be the case that the extraordinary creature will treat the ordinary with very considerable torture and flagellation. We do not know that Miss Rossetti has been treated with any measure of critical unfairness. Certainly there is the manifestation of very deep powers in her little volume ; it is of quite a singular type, and many of the pieces beside the first have the atmosphere of goblin kingdom about them. No doubt the influence of Tennyson on the mind of the author may be suspected ; but of positive discipleship and imitation, there is no trace. The volume has very decided character and originality, both in theme and treatment ; it is also a volume upon which many readers would pronounce a very hasty verdict—of rubbish, perhaps, unless themselves gifted in some measure with that faculty of insight into the occult and dark which is not always possessed even by true poets : nor can we

altogether acquit the writer of some indefiniteness in the telling of her story. We especially notice this in "The Convent Threshold ;" on the contrary, some of her most distinct are her devotional pieces : here is a piece. Shall we say this is in the manner of Herbert ?—

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.'

"I bore with thee long weary days and nights,  
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears ;  
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,  
For three and thirty years.

"Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?  
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above ;  
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared :  
Give thou me love for love.

"For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,  
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost :  
Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth :  
Why wilt thou still be lost ?

"I bore thee on my shoulders and rejoiced :  
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne  
The branding cross ; and shouted hungry-voiced.  
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

"Thee did nails grave upon my hands, thy name  
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between mine eyes :  
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame ;  
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

"A thief upon my right hand and my left ;  
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery :  
At length in death one smote my heart, and cleft  
A hiding-place for thee.

"Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down  
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep :  
So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown ;  
A harvest,—come and reap."

But, of course, as our readers turn to the volume they will learn to expect in every piece a certain mystical atmosphere. The following is suffused in a very rich haze of befitting expression :—

"ADVENT.

"This Advent moon shines cold and clear, these  
Advent nights are long ;  
Our lamps have burned year after year, and still  
their flame is strong.

"Watchman, what of the night ? we cry heart-sick with hope deferred :

"No speaking signs are in the sky," is still the watchman's word.

\* *Goblin Market and other Poems.* By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan & Co.

"The porter watches at the gate, the servants  
watch within ;  
The watch is long betimes and late, the prize is  
slow to win.

"Watchman, what of the night ?" but still his  
answer sounds the same :  
"No daybreak tops the utmost hill, nor pale  
our lamps of flame."

"One to another hear them speak the patient  
virgins wise :  
"Surely, He is not far to seek"—"All night we  
watch and rise."  
'The days are evil looking back, the coming  
days are dim ;  
Yet count we not his promise slack, but watch  
and wait for him.'

"One with another, soul with soul, they kindle  
fire from fire :  
"Friends watch us who have touched the goal."  
"They urge us, come up higher."  
"With them shall rest our waywore feet, with  
them is built our home,  
With Christ."—"They sweet, but he most sweet,  
sweeter than honeycomb."

"There no more parting, no more pain, the dis-  
tant ones brought near,  
The lost so long are found again, long lost but  
longer dear :  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart  
conceived that rest,  
With them our good things long deferred, with  
Jesus Christ our Best.

"We weep because the night is long, we laugh  
for day shall rise,  
We sing a slow contented song and knock at  
Paradise.  
Weeping we hold him fast, who wept for us, we  
hold him fast ;  
And will not let him go except he bless us first  
or last.

"Weeping we hold him fast to-night ; we will  
not let him go  
Till daybreak smite our wearied sight and sum-  
mer smite the snow :  
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove shall  
coo the livelong day ;  
Then he shall say, 'Arise, my love, my fair  
one, come away.'"

The spirit must have become used to sadness before it can sound the true key of the human heart, or speak the best words at the same time ; there is no doubt a danger lest we make that sorrow which visits for a day to wear upon it the appearance as of a life long. There is a tone of very serious intensity in the following fanciful little thing :—

" UP-HILL.

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

"But is there for the night a resting-place ?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?  
*You cannot miss that inn.*

"Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?  
*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

"Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?  
Of labor you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?  
*Yea, beds for all who come.*"

If the reader were now to lay down this little volume, he would still leave unread some of the most original and distinctive verses. "Goblin Market"—we know not how to describe or characterize it—is as wild as if some vision of Grimm, or Tieck, or Andersen had found its way to the author's eyes and verse ; it is a perfect little fairy gem ; in verse remarkably fresh and free, and happily in unison. Very likely some readers will say, What is it all about ? To which we can make very slight reply ; indeed, there is no replying when we are asked what may be the meaning of Goblin Stories ; it rings and tinkles in its short and rapid syllables like the fanciful melody of fairy bells, or the hurried and mystic tramp of goblin men : but the thing, perfect as it seems in itself, is for that very reason indissoluble, and, instead of quoting from it, here is a little ballad more simple, but with a very pretty turn of sentiment at the close :—

" MAUDE CLARE.

"Out of the church she followed them  
With a lofty step and mien :  
His bride was like a village maid,  
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,  
With smiles, almost with tears ;  
"May Nell and you but live as true  
As we have done for years ;

"Your father thirty years ago  
Had just your tale to tell ;  
But he was not so pale as you,  
Nor I so pale as Nell."

"My lord was pale with inward strife,  
And Nell was pale with pride ;  
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare  
Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,  
Have brought my gift," she said :  
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,  
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain  
You wore about your neck,  
That day we waded ankle-deep  
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves  
We plucked from budding bough,  
With feet amongst the lily leaves,—  
The lilies are budding now."

"He strove to match her scorn with scorn,  
He faltered in his place:  
'Lady,' he said,—'Maude Clare,' he said,—  
'Maude Clare:'—and hid his face.

"She turned to Nell: 'My Lady Nell,  
I have gift for you;  
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,  
Or were it flowers, the dew.'

"Take my share of a fickle heart,  
Mine of a paltry love:  
Take it or leave it as you will,  
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave,' said Nell, 'I'll take,  
And what you spurn, I'll wear;  
For he's my lord for better and worse,  
And him I love, Maude Clare.'

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,  
More wise, and much more fair!  
I'll love him till he loves me best,  
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

One of the finest and most sustained poems in the volume is entitled "From House to Home." There is a manner in it which perhaps reminds us of "The House of Sin," or "The Dream of Fair Women," but it is distinctly itself in intention and art; and, indeed, is a very true poem, descriptive of that perfection which comes by suffering. Take these verses:—

"My love no more,' I muttered stunned with pain:  
I shed no tear, I wrung no passionate hand,  
Till something whispered, 'You shall meet again,—  
Meet in a distant land.'

"Then with a cry like famine I arose,  
I lit my candle, searched from room to room,  
Searched up and down; a war of winds that froze  
Swept through the blank of gloom.

"I searched day after day, night after night;  
Seant change there came to me of night or day:  
'No more,' I wailed, 'no more:' and trimmed my light,  
And gnashed, but did not pray.

"Until my heart broke and my spirit broke:  
Upon the frost-bound floor I stumbled, I fell,  
And moaned, 'It is enough: withhold the stroke.  
Farewell, O love, farewell.'

"Then life swooned from me. And I heard the song  
Of spheres and spirits rejoicing over me:  
One cried, 'Our sister, she hath suffered long.'  
One answered, 'Make her see.'"

Her eyes are opened, and in the opening a revelation:—

"I saw a vision of a woman, where  
Night and new morning strive for domination;  
Incomparably pale, and almost fair,  
And sad beyond expression.

"Her eyes were like some fire-enshrining gem,  
Were stately like the stars, and yet were tender;  
Her figure charmed me like a windy stem  
Quivering and drooped and slender.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"She bled and wept, yet did not shrink; her strength  
Was stung up until daybreak of delight:  
She measured measureless sorrow toward its length,  
And breadth and depth and height.

"Then marked I how a chain sustained her form,  
A chain of living links not made nor riven:  
It stretched sheer up through lightning, wind,  
And storm,  
And anchored fast in heaven.

"One cried, 'How long? yet founded on the Rock  
She shall do battle, suffer, and attain.'  
One answered, 'Faith quakes in the tempest shock:  
Strengthen her soul again.'

"I saw a cup sent down and come to her  
Brim full of loathing and of bitterness:  
She drank with livid lips that seemed to stir  
The depth, not make it less.

"But as she drank I spied a hand distil  
New wine and virgin honey: making it  
First bitter-sweet, then sweet indeed, until  
She tasted only sweet.

"Her lips and cheeks waxed rosy-fresh and young;  
Drinking she sang, 'My soul shall nothing want;  
And drank anew: while soft a song was sung,  
A mystical slow chant.

"One cried, 'The wounds are faithful of a friend:  
The wilderness shall blossom as a rose.'  
One answered, 'Rend the veil, declare the end,  
Strengthen her ere she goes.'

"I saw that one who lost her love in pain,  
Who trod on thorns, who drank the loath-some cup;  
The lost in night, in day was found again;  
The fallen was lifted up.

" They stood together in the blessed noon,  
They sang together through the length of  
days;  
Each loving face bent sunwards like a moon  
New-lit with love and praise.

" Therefore, O friend, I would not if I might  
Rebuild my house of lies, wherein I joyed  
One time to dwell: my soul shall walk in white,  
Cast down but not destroyed.

" Therefore in patience I possess my soul;  
Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face,  
To pluck down, to build up again the whole—  
But in a distant place.

" These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on  
them;  
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet:  
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,  
My heart remembers it.

" I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees—  
I, precious more than seven times molten  
gold—

Until the day when from his storehouses  
God shall bring new and old;

" Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,  
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness:  
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,  
I languish and grow less.

" Although to-day he prunes my twigs with  
pain,  
Yet doth his blood nourish and warm my  
root:  
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again  
And clothe myself with fruit.

" Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,  
To-day his staff is turned into a rod,  
Yet will I wait for him the appointed days  
And stay upon my God."

We have quoted very lengthily, but we  
believe we are the first to notice at any  
length this volume. And is not this writer  
a true and most genuine poet?

**ON THE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.**—  
Grammarians have explained to us how adjectives in the comparative and superlative forms express, in a *greater* and the *greatest* degree, the quality of the positive; as from *long* we have *longer* and *longest*; meaning *more long* and *most long*. But they have omitted to point out that smaller number of adjectives whose comparative and superlative forms express the quality in a *less* and the *least* degree. These, as usual with words unexplained, they call irregular.

As examples we have in English, *bad, better, best*; or, *less bad, least bad*.

In Latin we have *malus, melior*; or *bad, less bad, pius, peior, pessimus, or good, less good, least good*.

In some cases the adjective forms its comparative and superlative in both ways with the two meanings.

Thus in Latin we have *magnus, major, maximus*; and also *magnus, minor, minimus*.

In Greek we have *μεγαλος, μεγαλων, μεγαλωντος*; and also *μεγαλος, μεγων, μεγωντος*. Of these two forms the latter is at least as regular as the former, though less usual.

Possibly we might add to these *parvus, plus, plurimus, and worthy, worse, worst*.

A little industry would no doubt produce other instances out of other languages.

It would be difficult to trace the change in the human mind which has led us now not to form comparatives and superlatives in this the less usual way. But in the formation of our prepositions we may trace a process of reasoning nearly akin to this now pointed out. Thus

in English we have *off, over, on, under*. In Latin *sub, super*. In Greek *υπο, υπερ*. But whether there is anything analogous between the formation of these prepositions from one another and the comparatives above spoken of, may be doubtful.

SAMUEL SHARPE.

—Notes and Queries.

**STEEL SHOT.**—The Americans have been making steel shot with apparently the most successful results. Indeed, theoretically, the greater density and hardness of steel ought to give it a highly superior penetrating power over iron plates, and it would almost seem that in this adaptation they have taken a step in advance of our English experiments. At the proving ground on the Alleghany a number of elongated steel 24-pound shots have been tried against heavy iron plates. The steel balls penetrated the massive target, tearing and shattering the plates at every discharge, whilst the cast-iron balls broke in fragments on striking, and scarcely made an indentation. The steel balls were scarcely injured by the concussion, the points of them only giving way. From these experiments, if the effects are correctly stated, it would seem probable that no iron armor plating would resist steel shot fired from large and appropriate ordnance.—*London Review*.

## CHAPTER IX. WILFORD'S WOOING.

"It is a very poor thing I offer you, Violet—the love of a ruined man; but, at least, that love is true and whole and earnest. Indeed, I never felt my ruin before; and if I wish for wealth now, it is only that I may lay it at your feet. I know how poor my claim is. I know how little I have done to merit your love. I know that my debt of gratitude to you is already more, far more, than I can ever hope to repay. And yet, Violet, I am here—at your feet—to proffer you my heart, and to ask for yours. Give it to me. Give me a motive for life; give me something to make the future precious to me; not because of any deserving of mine, but out of your great goodness and pity. Do I pain you, Violet, talking like this? But indeed I can no more be silent; for I love you, Violet, and that love *will* find its way into words. It is my only claim; besides that, I have nothing. A broken, wearied man, just escaped from a wreck in which all fortune has gone down. With a misspent past, shattered in health, disinherited, fortuneless, there seems a madness and a wrong-doing about my quest. How can I dare to raise my hopes so high as you are, Violet? I cannot justify myself. I cannot reason on the subject. I can only tell you that my love is honest and true. I swear to you that it is. I can only assure you that all man can do to make you happy, dear Violet, I will do. Bid me not despair wholly of winning you. Let me think that you will forget the past, that you will treat it as dead to both of us, and that in the future there may be yet some hope of happiness; that you will permit my journey through life to commence anew from now, with you, Violet, by my side. How light it will seem! How full of joy! Never to look back, to efface all memory of the past by the new life of the future! May this be so, Violet? Oh, say that it may!"

In some such hurried sentences, broken by emotion, impressive from the feverish earnestness with which they were uttered, Wilford Hadfield told the story of his love.

"Madge has betrayed me," thought Violet, as he began, and she was hurt at first—then appeased—then, as he went on, and his words and fervid tones stirred up strange echoes amongst the depths of her own heart, and the consciousness of her own love for

him grew upon her more and more, what could she do but yield to the entrancement of his confession, and with her heart beating tumultuously, steal a soft white hand into his, and fall at last upon his shoulder, tearful, sobbing, crimson with blushes, in a half-swoon of happiness?

"You love me, Violet?" he cried.

He had set such a value upon her love, he could scarcely credit it could be his so readily. It had seemed to be so far from him—at least he had so fancied it—that now, when it came quite near to him—was within his arm's length, as it were—he almost shrunk back, sceptical, paralyzed, by a happiness he had thought too great to be real, to be other than imaginary: just as in dreams of great joy, however real they may seem, the dreamer finds himself suspending his belief with the question: "Are not these things too glorious to be true?" Indeed great happiness, like great misery, is dazing, bewildering, stupefying. We cannot receive either on the instant wholly into our intelligences; we must take them piecemeal, and so at last get the entirety through the bars of our minds.

"You love me, Violet?" he repeated.

Was it necessary to ask the question? Was he not sufficiently answered by those dark gray eyes, and the tears glistening upon their lashes, like the morning dew upon the flowers? Was there not reply enough in the trembling parted lips, although no sound came from them?

"You will ignore the past?"

"Always."

"And think only of the future?"

"Yes, Wilford."

She was heard at last. Such a soft, timid voice.

A white scared face looked in for a moment at the door, and a pair of large blue eyes opened very wide indeed at what they beheld.

"Perhaps I'd better keep out in the garden," Madge Fuller murmured to herself. "Perhaps I have not done so very wrong after all," and then she concluded with the fearful proposition contained in the words "Perhaps it's as well to be indiscreet now and then."

Soon after Wilford passed into Mr. Fuller's surgery.

"Doctor," he began, in a firm voice. "I

told you just now that there was yet another reason why I should quit you."

"Are you going to worry me again about this matter, you obstinate boy?"

"You must hear me."

"Am I not safe even in my own surgery?"

"Doctor," Wilford went on seriously. "It would be wrong to conceal this thing from you for one moment longer than absolutely necessary." The doctor looked at his patient, and perceived that he was decidedly in earnest.

"What do you mean, Wilford? Is there anything the matter?"

"This. I love your daughter, Violet."

"What!" cried the doctor, amazed.

"I love your daughter. I believe that love to be returned. I am here to ask your consent to our union."

The doctor turned quite pale.

"You don't mean this," he said. "You're jesting, surely. No—you're not, though. There's no jesting in your face. But can this be? You love Violet?"

"Indeed I do. Is it not a reason why you should wish me hence? For I know how unworthy I am of her. But, oh! let it be a reason for my return—for my coming back here to make her mine!"

"I never dreamt of such a thing as this."

"Indeed, I will endeavor to deserve her. Indeed, I will devote my whole life to her happiness. Don't think of me as I have been. I am as a new creature henceforward. Indeed, doctor, I am changed."

"But you, old Mr. Hadfield's son, to marry the daughter of a country doctor! What will be thought of such a thing? What will they say at the Grange?"

"What will it matter what they say? Besides, don't think of me as Mr. Hadfield's son; think of me as I am; no more the heir to the Grange and the Hadfield lands; but cast-off, poor, penitent, and yet with a deep love in my heart for Violet! I regret my lost position only because I cannot ask her to share it. If I could ask her to be mistress of the Grange!"

"No, no; that could never have been! Bad enough as it is! quite bad enough. What will they say throughout Grilling Abotts?" and the doctor wiped his forehead. "In what a situation you have placed me. Why all the old women in town will rise

against me. The tea-tables will be up *en masse*."

"Doctor, oh, thank you. I see you are relenting."

"I'm not indeed! I'm all in a fever. What I shall be charged with! They will say I brought you here on purpose. That I set a trap for the old squire's son. By heavens! it is not to be borne. No, Wilford, you must go, I see that plain enough; but as for coming back again—"

"Yet, consider, doctor, for Violet's sake—if she loves me—"

"Does she love you?" and Mr. Fuller rubbed his chin meditatively.

"She does."

"You're sure? You look so. O Violet! I didn't believe you'd do such a thing!"

"But, Mr. Fuller—"

"There—there—don't talk to me. I must think it all over; it requires consideration; a very great deal of consideration. By and by I'll tell you more about it. I'll speak to you again. Now, go, leave me, there's a good fellow, let me have some peace. I've a heap of things to do, all sorts of medicines to make up. There—there—go." And Wilford was gently pushed out of the room.

The doctor paced up and down with long strides and unusual rapidity, crumpling up in his excitement a large, many-hued silk handkerchief to quite a ball in his hand.

"I've been an ass," he said, "and that's the simple truth. I ought to have foreseen all this. I ought to have known that some such thing as this was likely to happen. And yet I never gave it a thought; and to see him so sad and ill and broken down as he was when he first came here, who would have expected him to fall in love with Violet? My dear, dear daughter Violet—so like her mother, too. I'm sure I can never part with her. It would quite break my heart. And yet,—if she loves him, as he says she does! It's my fault—it's all my fault for bringing him into the house. But I was so fond of him; I took to him quite as a boy somehow. I never had a son of my own; and he was such a bright, noble, handsome boy. Well, suppose he *did* quarrel with his father, the old man would be provoking enough when he chose, and irritating enough as I very well know; and if he *did* leave home, and go a little wrong and wild and madcap, whose fault was it I should like to know?"

hardly all his own, hardly that. And he's poor now; people can't well say—yet they will, I feel sure—that he's much of a match for Violet, or any very great catch for her. Can I consent? Shall I give him my dear, good daughter—the little rogue—so quiet and demure and delicate, and in love all the while with this great, grim-looking man? Can I give her to him? Does he deserve it? Is he worthy of her? Well, well. Perhaps no man ever is quite worthy of a woman so pure and good as Violet is; at least I have never met such a one. It's very hard to know what to do. And if it should offend the people at the Grange! Oh! we must be very careful about that. I must talk to Mrs. Stephen about it. I must be sure to ask her opinion upon the subject."

There was a tap at the door.

"May I come in?"

"Who's there?" And Violet entered.

"What's all this about, Vi? Is it true? I see it is. You love him? O Violet!" She could only throw her arms round his neck, and kiss him impetuously.

"But we must do nothing without Mrs. Stephen, Violet. Her consent is even more important than mine."

"She is in the drawing-room, and she knows all," whispered Violet.

There was the rustle of silk skirts, and Mrs. Stephen entered, bringing Madge with her.

"Dear me! what a crowd in the surgery! —for Heaven's sake take care of the bot-ties!"

"O Mr. Fuller, I'm so delighted at what I have heard! You can't think how pleased I am. My dear Violet—my dear Madge." And thereupon the three ladies embraced each other affectionately, as the manner of their sex is in such cases. Men celebrate festive occasions with bottles of wine—women, with numberless kisses.

"You give your consent, Mr. Fuller?"

"I don't know what to say about it."

"Oh, but you must. They love each other. Never was there a marriage that promised to be happier."

"But it comes upon me so suddenly! I've had no time to think about it at all. And Violet's very young. And Wilford's little better than an invalid. There can be no hurry. Yes; they must wait."

"Wait?" repeated Wilford, joining the group.

"Yes, a year; they must wait a year," the doctor said, determinedly.

"A year!" And Wilford glanced suspiciously round him, as though he dreaded that an intention existed to cheat him of his happiness.

"A year will soon fly away," Mrs. Stephen suggested, smilingly.

"Be it so," Wilford said suddenly. "Yes, be it so; perhaps it will be better."

Had Violet looked to him to resist that postponement? If so, she acquiesced very soon in the arrangement. She came quite close to him.

"And if you *must* go, Wilford, if you *must* leave us for the present, you will write to me—you will be sure to—you will write very often?"

"I will be sure to, Violet."

The doctor looked almost scared at what he had done. He still seemed to cling to the *status quo*, like a timid bather afraid to let go the rope.

"But we must have Stephen's consent, remember, his unqualified consent."

"I'll answer for Stephen," said Gertrude Hadfield; and she whispered to the doctor. "Do you know, doctor, we were not unprepared for this? Steenie and I have often talked it over, hoping that it might come about. I thought of it directly I found Wilford recovering."

"The deuce you did," muttered Mr. Fuller. "Why it seems that everybody was prepared for it, and thought of it, excepting myself; I begin to think I grow thick-headed as I get older."

Madge thought her father looked rather melancholy. She went up and kissed him.

"You know, papa, I shall be left at home to take care of you, and attend to the house, and make tea and keep the keys of the store-room."

"Yes, Madge, and eat the jam in it," and Mr. Fuller shook his head in half-comical despair.

"Oh, but I shall be a year older," said Madge, with a blush, "and perhaps I sha'n't be so fond of jam then as I am now."

"Yes, there's a year to come—that's some comfort," groaned the doctor.

Mrs. Stephen drove back to the Grange in her pony-carriage. She soon apprised her husband of all that had happened at the cottage.

"I'm sure it's a very happy thing," Mrs. Stephen commented; "Wilford ought to marry—of course he ought. Men ought all to marry. I'm sure it would be much better for them, and they would be a great deal happier, and it would keep them out of harm's way. I'm sure there wouldn't be half so much mischief, and irregularity, and wickedness in the world if there were more marriages." (Mrs. Stephen had tried the specific and found it answer in her own case.) "Wilford ought to consider himself very fortunate in having secured such a charming girl as Vi Fuller. Perhaps it would have been different if your father's will hadn't been what it was; of course *then*—"

"Hush, my dear, don't say anything about that—it should not have altered the case."

"I mean that *then* he might have looked higher. But she'll make him an admirable wife, and he'll forget all his troubles, and leave off moping and being miserable, and the rest of it. Was that one of the children crying?"

"No, my dear; besides, if it was, nurse can see to it. I hope you have not over-exerted yourself," etc., etc.

"A year will soon go," said Wilford, as, some days later, he turned his back upon Grilling Abbots. "And she has promised to write very often. Then, a new name, a new life, and Violet mine, there will yet be chance of happiness in the future!"

And he journeyed towards London.

#### CHAPTER X. TIME FLIES.

THERE is a certain well-understood though unexpressed convention, by virtue of which the world is bound to laugh at specific subjects. Jokes upon these are constantly "kept standing" as the printers call it, conveniently for the immediate use of the jester never slow to avail himself of the advantage; for as necessary as air to ordinary and unjocose people, is laughter to the jester and he prefers to obtain it surely by an old and well-trod road, rather than risk missing it on a path but newly discovered, however pleasant and inviting otherwise. There is

often a doubt about the bran-new coin—a golden egg, if I may so say, fresh laid by the Mint—it is suspicious-looking, it may be bad, it is so much brighter than usual; the thin, well-thumbed, dull-shining sovereign, years in circulation, is infinitely preferred. And it is the same with jests: the old are honored with the established laughter; the new are questioned, and their payment in grins frequently refused.

It seems to me (though of course it is too late in the day to say so now with a view to any alteration), that some of these subjects are rather ill-chosen; are not really so provocative of honest mirth as the jesters would have us believe; have a serious and sometimes painful side, which might fairly exempt them in a great measure from the incessant sallies and rallies of the facetious. Let me mention a few of the topics in respect to which the gentlemen with the caps and bells rely for the bringing down of the mirth and applause of their audience.

Widows—Bishops—Impecuniosity—Loveletters.

These four will do: though of course there are many more on behalf of which and in depreciation of cachinnation much might be urged; and even for all these I do not feel absolutely bound to enter the lists. I am not a Widow, nor am I a Bishop. Perhaps I should only damage the cause of either by defending it; perhaps they are both strong enough to take care of themselves. For the Widow I will only say that I have found, as a rule, her situation to be more forlorn than facetious; while for the Bishop, I could never for the life of me discover from a lay point of view any particular funniness about him—a comfortable and respectable dignitary, no doubt; but what does the community see to laugh at in that fact? I know not. Yet turn to the comic books: how many jokes have been cracked upon the venerable heads of the spiritual lords? It is past all counting. For Impecuniosity, let me confess that on occasions when I have found my banker's account to be at a very low figure, and perhaps the balance on the wrong side of the pass-book—for my credit is good, and I have been permitted to overdraw once or twice—when this has been so, let me hasten to state that I have derived distress and annoyance from the circumstance, and clearly not mirth and amuse-

ment. For Love-letters I may have something to urge. Perhaps in my time I may have written such things. Who hasn't? A long time ago. Oh, yes, that of course!

Read over the last great love-case in the law reports, and you'll surely find that shrieks of laughter followed the putting in evidence of the letters of the poor wretches concerned. They were treated as quite new and exceptional matters, purely funny; it was as though nobody in court had ever heard before of such intensely comic things as love-letters; as though they were brilliant conundrums, or laughable verses from the last burlesque; as though the judge on the bench hadn't written such things himself in days gone by, or the counsel on either side, or the witnesses, or the jury, over and over again—everybody in court, down even to the lawyers' clerks leering in the gulf between the bar and the judgment-seat, not very loving or lovable-looking: they are not handsome men as a rule, are lawyers' clerks, any more than are low church curates. Are those poor love-letters, then, really such fit subjects for jesting? Granted that they are faded and crumpled and shabby-looking now, the passion that gave them preciousness and vitality clean gone from them, that they are as graceless and unattractive as a balloon with the gas out of it, as illumination lamps blown out at day-break, as a bottle of hock a week without its cork, "stale, flat, unprofitable," but may we not reverence things typically—not for what they are, but for what they represent—for their past value, not their present? The love may be gone, but at least it was good and true while it lasted; let us gather up its relics with respectful hands, and lock them up safely, not toss them about with a snigger, nor hand them to Betty for the dustbin or the fireplace, or to wrap her curls in at bedtime.

I know that it is the fashion to sneer at Love now-a-days, and the stress the fiction-writer has often laid upon it. For certainly he has been prone to think that often in a man's life there has been a time when such an event as a strong mastering passion has given to his career permanent warp and change and color; an important fact to look back at and date from in after years, like the Deluge in the world's history. But this is not so, it seems, and the novelist was wrong.

"There are no more grand passions, now," says old Fitznoddy, of the Narcissus Club, Pall Mall, "any more than there is good port wine—they went out together." And he represents a general opinion. You must not look to Fitznoddy for individuality. Henceforward, then, there should be a list of errata added to all books. You must now, for every time *amour* occurs read *amourette*. Cupid is no more the one plump, glorious, mottled, rosy god whom it was a joy to hug tight to one's heart; he is split up into a squad of miserable, tiny, pauper children, very skeleton-like, all sharp corners and hard edges, whom one holds contemptlessly in one's arms—and with difficulty too—like a bundle of firewood with the string cut. The heart is a mere musical instrument—woman turns the handle, and it plays its airs punctually, like a barrel-organ. And these are always the same: there is no variety of emotion. And we court Chloe at forty, to the same tune with which we de-luded Daphne at twenty.

Can this be so? Has the old, great, strong, insensate passion of youth really passed away? Well, it may be, for youth has gone, too. Life takes great strides now. There is but one step from childhood to middle age, which begins now, I fancy, at eighteen, while senility sets in probably at thirty. The age loves suddenness—it has suppressed transitional periods; the world would abolish twilight if it could. One day we are in the nursery, and the next ordering hair-dye or being measured for wigs. The pace is tremendous. Last week there were some children prattling on my knee; this week, to hear them talk, makes me feel quite an old man—ay! old and foolish.

It will excite little surprise, then, after this, when I say that I adhere very much to the old story-telling creed; that I believe very much in the love, one and indivisible. It may be a dream—let me have it. It may be that the hero of the novelists is not quite so white as he has been painted. Turn to the courageous master romancist. May there not be true love for beautiful Sophy Western, even though there has been—before, or after, or the while—some dalliance with naughty Molly Seagrim? "All men are beasts!" says a single lady of great age whom it is my privilege to know. The criticism is severe: but, at least, men are mor-

tal—the leaven of fallibility is very strong in them; they may come down now and then from the pedestals on which they are often mounted in books; but there is good in them, too, and virtue and bravery and truth. We need not be always pointing to the blue vein in the marble; we need not insist that all coats should be worn with the seam side out; let us believe in heroes and heroines, though they eat mutton-chops like other people, and in their loves and their love-letters, though perhaps the love has passed from these last, like the scent from the paper, and the hands that penned them may be churchyard dust. Do we admire lovely woman the less for knowing that she wears frisettes in her hair and crinoline? No. Perhaps the more for these evidences of her mortality. We should be frightened at her very likely if she were really an angel, all our talk to her on the subject to the contrary notwithstanding.

I have digressed. I know it. This chapter is much by way of *entr'acte*. For there is a lapse of time here in the story, and the months are fleeting as I write. A convenient opportunity seemed to offer for pause and a word or two upon the present view of sentiment, especially as this is not quite in accordance with certain notions contained in this story and set forth in a measure by its characters. They, be it said, believe in love, as did the world, I think, before perhaps matrimony, the climax, of love, was, to use a vulgarism, "blown upon" by the Divorce Court. And I wanted to set out here two letters, out of many that about this time passed between Wilford Hadfield and Violet Fuller; and it seemed to me, regard being had to the prevalence of certain opinions, that it behoved me to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of these documents. I wanted, in fact, to avoid the accustomed roar when love-letters are tendered as evidence in a case.

The letters are very simple, yet full, as it seems to me, of a great affection, of a deep tenderness; there is no effort in them, no desire to attitudinize in them on the part of the writers, and so delude each other after the manner of people who don't love. I select them hap-hazard out of a heap. They are not written in the first burst of the discovery of passion, but later in the day, when they had taken that for granted and between

them had established a firm substratum of love and faith to which it was hardly necessary for them further to refer.

*Plowden Buildings, Temple.*

"MY DEAREST VIOLET,—What a relief it is to turn from my books and once more write to you! I look forward all through the day to this moment, and the harder I have toiled the better seems my claim to send you a long letter. Does not this act of letter-writing really bring us nearer together? I am sure I feel that the space between us is now, by some miles, less than what it was this morning. I seem to have travelled through my work, and so brought myself closer to you. Perhaps it is that I may now permit myself to think wholly and exclusively of you, and that my thoughts circle round you and draw you to me as I write. I hear your voice, I know its every charming accent. I look up and see your kind eyes. I stretch out my arms, and I fancy there is little to prevent my grasping your soft white hands. I almost think that if I were to pronounce your name aloud—'Violet!'—I should somehow hear your dear voice answer me. My heart beats quite noisily at the idea of such a thing. How I wish this were all so in reality? How I long to learn yet once more from your own lips that you love me! I can never tire of hearing you say those words. They can never seem monotonous to me—but always new and beautiful and magical. I am almost angry with each of your letters that does not contain them explicitly—implication is not sufficient. I should like the precise words written large at the beginning of each letter, and again large at the end. I think that would satisfy me. Oh! if you knew how happy the thought of your love makes me, Violet—what value it gives to my future—how great a change it has made in me in every way! I sometimes pause, wondering if all can be true. Is there this leaven of doubt about all joy? Do those who are happy always stop to question their position and plague themselves with inquiries? 'Is it real? is it true? Will it last?' But I have been so well acquainted with misery I have, perhaps, bought a right to be incredulous about happiness.

"Do I weary you with all this? Pray forgive me if I do. Indeed, I try to conquer all my doubts and misgivings. I try to forget. I try to look forward simply and trustingly. Yet in all my letters I feel there are many lines like those I have written above—made up of self-examinations and forebodings, which must give you pain to combat over and over again. But you always triumph, Violet—at any rate, for a long

time—and I hope that the enemy is growing weaker, less frequent in his attacks, and that in the end you will vanquish him altogether

"Do not all my letters commence something in this way? Do you not rely for certain upon a particular number of lines of wildness and absurdity and unreason before you get to more serious and sober matters? But in beginning to write to you a sort of tumult of emotion seems to carry me out of myself. I cannot instantly concentrate my ideas. I feel dizzy and unnerved with thoughts of you. It would be the same if I were now to see you here—at a moment's notice. The joy would be too much for me almost. I should be dumb for some minutes. I should feel everything to be swimming round me, and I should fall at your feet overwhelmed by the wondrous magic of your presence. So, in writing to you, my hand quite trembles, and my heart is terribly restless; the love surges up in me till I feel half mad with it, and I have to wait a little till I grow more accustomed to its violence.

"Very extravagant all this, isn't it, Violet? And I fancy those charming deep gray eyes looking mildly reproachful, and a smile that would be critical if it wasn't so tender stealing along the lines of your lips. I ought to be calm. I ought to study to conceal emotion more. I ought not to surrender myself to these paroxysms of feeling. Quite right. The more so because you, I know, dear one, believe rather in quietude, which is not always earnestness, though the one sometimes represents the other; but perhaps it is difficult to believe that fever and excitement may be anything more than effervescence after all.

"There: I am still now, my hand shakes no more. Don't you perceive a difference in the writing? I can bear now calmly to contemplate my happiness, and to think of you placidly, Violet. I remember that I am a gentleman very near middle-life (I am, Vi, though you persist in contradicting me!), with a great many gray hairs (I have them, though you are so wilfully blind on the subject, and will ignore them!), living up a good many pairs of stairs in the Temple studying law. I ought to conduct myself soberly if anybody ought.

"I have given up my lodgings in Bury Street. They were a useless extravagance. We agreed upon that, did we not? and economy is to be the order of the day henceforward. My old friend, George Martin,—of whom I have written to you before, and whom I have begged you to like when you see him, if only for my sake,—but I am sure

you will like him for his own—has been kinder than ever. He has insisted upon my taking up my abode with him, has made room for me in his chambers, and will have it that for some time to come I shall have no want of any other lodgings or rooms of whatever kind. What could I do but comply with an offer so generous? You must like him! He is so genial and frank, and yet so calm and self-contained, withal. Isn't that a recommendation, Vi? He is a little older than I am—handsome, with marked features—a high bald forehead—he declares he lost his hair at twenty-three—and a wonderful smile. He has been called to the bar some years, but he does not practise; he is engaged in literary pursuits, and is a highly accomplished and most worthy gentleman. He writes constantly in the — and — journals, and has been most kind in obtaining work for me. It was through his introduction that my paper appeared in the — Magazine; the paper you admired so kindly (you don't know what an incentive to work your admiration is, Vi), and which Madge thought a little heavy. She likes 'funnier kind of things,' does she? I am afraid I cannot manage to be very comical, but I'll try, if it be only for her sake, and she shall be at liberty to laugh quite as much at as with me. Can I do more to please her? I am sorry that I found it necessary to speak unfavorably of the new comic novel she admired so much. Tell her, if she likes, she shall herself review the author's next work.

"Will you take Martin's evidence in my favor? He says there is no reason why I should not take high literary rank, or attach to my name a most creditable share of literary fame. I try to believe this. Do you, Vi? How happy it would make me to seem in any way more worthy of you! The disparity between us is too fearful at present. But, there, I will say no more. I know you have already expressed strong disapprobation at what you call my absurd system of undue exaltation of you and depreciation of myself.

"Good-night, Violet, and good-by. I looked out of window at the calm moon, and wonder whether it is shining into your face as it is into mine, and what you are doing and saying. But, probably, you are in bed long ago, and fast asleep. Has your last thought to-night been of me as mine will be of you? A lovely night. I see the Thames from my window reflecting the stars, and the lamps on the bridge. A lovely night; and in its hush and beauty—with my mind full of thoughts of you—I seem to be nearer to you than ever, and to love you more; but that is hardly possible. Good-night!

God preserve and bless you, and make you love me, and me worthy of your love. Good-night, again, my own dearest Violet.

"Yours ever,

WILFORD."

*Grilling Abbots.*

"DEAREST WILFORD—" *I love you!* Will that do, you restless, impatient man? Or am I to write the words over and over again, beginning and ending every line with them? But if you will not, as you say, though I doubt the fact,—if you will not tire of reading them, don't you think I shall of writing them? When will you give over these doubtings and misgivings? I was in hopes from your former letter that you had quite got rid of your old melancholy. Why did you let it come back to plague you? You frighten me sometimes by the way in which you write to me. Why should you fear that I should cease to love you? Why should I change? What is there in me or in my words that should make you think that I do not know my own mind—that I am feeble, uncertain—that sometime or other I shall cease to love you? No, dear Wilford, that will never be. Pray believe it, now and forever. I have given you my heart past all taking back again; still more, past all giving to another. *I love you!* There, *Monsieur*, be content. I have written the words again, and they are true words,—indeed, indeed they are.

"I did not intend to write this sort of letter, I wanted to be quiet and composed;—yes, sir, and perhaps prosy. It is your fault that I fall away from my good intentions. But I read over again your impetuous sentences. I find your trouble and emotion to be contagious. I, too, find my cheeks glowing and my hand trembling. You see what mischief you occasion; you disturb not merely yourself but me also, and what have I done that I should be treated in such a way? But I forgive you. Is not that magnanimous? There—and I have kissed the paper just where I write; you kiss there, too, and consider yourself pardoned, provided that you never offend any more in the same way.

"I have no news, except that we all liked your paper in the \_\_\_\_\_. Even Madge, who still thinks you might be *lighter*, was pleased; and papa, though he did not say much, took the paper into the surgery, and, I'm sure, read it over many times quietly and enjoyed it immensely. I feel so happy when I hear you praised. Can you account for that in any way? I like to think that the world is beginning to open its eyes to your great merits; but for Heaven's sake, Wilford, don't be tempted to overwork yourself. I am quite sure that you are not too well yet, for all

your talk to the contrary. Be careful, mind. I'm certain I shall like Mr. Martin, your friend, and especially if he does not tempt you to sit up too late or to fatigue yourself unnecessarily!

"I am rather tired to-day, for we went last night to a party at the Eastwoods. Madge desires me to say that it was *quite* a grown-up party, and *almost* a ball. Tommy Eastwood wore a tail-coat, and blushed superbly when he asked Madge to dance. But he's such a nice boy—it's quite a shame to laugh at him, and we're all going to mend in that respect. Madge looked *so pretty*—you don't know how proud of her I felt. She wore a white rose from your favorite tree, I may tell you, in her hair, which I think—and so do you, don't you?—to be beautiful in color, though the people here (*except, perhaps*, T. Eastwood, *Esq.*) do not appreciate it. Round her neck was that grand gold chain you were so good as to give her. I love you very much, sir, for loving my darling Madge. You can't think how nice she looked. Her dress was white *tarlatan*, very full, of course (don't laugh, sir), without trimming of any kind. The whole effect was charming, and you should have seen her eyes—so beautifully blue—so sparkling with happiness: I think I have never seen any one so pretty as my Sister Madge; and she's as good as she's pretty, as you very well know, and T. E. ought to consider himself very happy; but there, I quite forgot, there is to be no more joking on *that* subject.

"And how was I dressed? I suppose you will be sufficiently interested to inquire. Well, then, I did not have a new dress—economy is the order of the day as you very well remark, and I wore my pink *glacé* silk, which looked very well, and I did not dance much, but played for the *young* people—was not that right?—and I sung all my best songs, and I enjoyed myself tolerably, wishing very much that you had been one of the party.

"Mrs. Stephen calls constantly and is most kind. She brought over the baby to see us only this morning. It is such a lovely child, and *so good*—it never cries—and it has quite the Haddfield expression. Are you determined that it shall not be called after you? Do you know that Gertrude is very angry about that? and she scolds *me*! as if I was anybody or could do anything. I am very fond of Gertrude—the more I see of her the more I like her; you may think her little cold at first, but that notion wears off, and indeed it is not founded upon truth. Stephen is teaching Madge to ride—she looks so well upon the white pony—but I think she is really rather frightened

although she would rather die, I believe, than admit it.

"Agnes and Saxon are growing quite tall; they are coming to see us to-morrow; they are nice children, but just a trifle spoiled. Agnes is learning her notes under my tuition; her ear is wonderfully good, and I think she will in time be able to play very nicely. On Friday we are going to tea at Mr. Mainstone's, and papa will accompany us. I'm sure it will do him good. He keeps on saying that he grows too old to go out in the evening unless he is quite obliged, but I know he will enjoy a gossip with dear old Mrs. Mainstone. Shall you feel jealous if I tell you I think the old clergyman a very charming person indeed?"

"There I have exhausted quite my stock of news, and tried your patience, very likely; yet—no, I don't really think that. I am sure that what interests me will interest you also in a great measure. Yet these small events in Grilling Abbots must look smaller than ever to you in London, where everything seems to be on such a colossal scale. Surely there are only *masses* in town—never individuals. How far are you from us! But don't look at our occurrences through the small end of your telescope—magnify them, and you will be nearer to us—well, then, *to me!* I believe you prefer that I should say that. Adieu, dearest. Madge sends her love—she says, *respects*,—but she does not mean that. Papa sends all sorts of kind messages. He declares if you won't say anything about your health that he will send up all sorts of physic on the chance of your needing it. Adieu. And I—well—I *love you!* Will that do?"

"Dearest Wilford, yours ever,  
"VIOLET FULLER."

These samples of the lovers' letters will suffice; there were plenty more of them, however.

Wilford worked hard in London—seldom leaving it—taking few holidays. He was in Paris for three days, but the visit was on business for the most part.

A year after his wooing he went down to Grilling Abbots and wedded—a most quiet wedding—early in the morning at Mr. Mainstone's church. The whole business was over and the happy pair had almost left the place before Grilling Abbots became conscious of what had happened.

"My dear sister, for you are *now* really my sister," said Mrs. Stephen, as she kissed the blushing bride, "be sure that you bring Wilford back to the Grange."

They left Grilling Abbots behind. The doctor threw the old shoe after them for luck with most boisterous merriment; but he sobered and saddened suddenly, locking himself up for some hours in the surgery, after the departure of his darling daughter, Violet.

Madge dried the tears which were dimming her blue eyes.

"How dreadfully dull the house will be without them," she said. Then she assumed her new office. She rattled her keys as though to remind herself of the authority now vested in her, and she determined to visit the store-room just to count the jam-pots, and for no other reason, certainly not.

**DOUBLE REFLECTING HEARING TRUMPETS.**—This excellent invention emanates from Mr. John Marshall, the surgeon to the University College Hospital, and the instruments are manufactured by Messrs. Elliott of the Strand. The principle is that of double reflection, and they accomplish for sound what the Cassegrainian telescope does for light. The atmospheric sound-waves pass directly into the mouth of an ellipsoidal or paraboloidal reflector, and are reflected from its inner surface towards a common focus, and thus are powerfully concentrated. Then, instead of being allowed to reach that focus, and to intersect and interfere with each other there, and again in their further course to the ear, so as to occasion confusion of sound, the concentrated sonorous undu-

lations, are received upon the outer surface of an internal reflector capable of accommodating the instrument to slight variations of distance: from this they are reflected a second time down the tube which conducts them to the ear. The concentrated sound is finally transmitted smoothly into the ear from the surface of a plane mirror adjusted at a proper angle between the conducting tube and the ear-piece. The utmost economy of action is thus secured, for every sonorous wave entering the mouth of these instruments is utilized; but the important advantage is the ease and distinctness with which these trumpets convey sounds. In them the roaring noises produced in the ordinary ear-trumpets by the lateral reverberations of the sound-waves are reduced to a minimum.—*London Review.*

From The London Review.

MR. BUCKLE.

MR. BUCKLE's death has deprived us of one of the very few Englishmen who in these days have, *bond fide*, devoted their lives to study. He was a few months under forty when he died, and probably no one ever heard his name, with the exception of his personal friends, till he published the first volume of his book, just five years ago. It met with a degree of success, and procured for its author an amount of social reputation unexampled. For a considerable time his was one of the best known names in London. He published his second volume, went abroad for change and amusement, and now the curtain has fallen both on the author and his work. Such a career in this age and country is very peculiar. In our days men usually acquire distinction by slow degrees. Many of our eminent men have been well known to a considerable circle almost from their boyhood. A lad acquires reputation at a public school; increases it at a university; attaches himself to some profession; obtains in it that singular indefinite character for ability which many men enjoy at once obscurely and extensively for years before they are known to the public at large; and at last seizes some opportunity of distinguishing himself on a large scale, and takes his place amongst the remarkable men of the day. This is the common road to fame, and not more than one or two men in a generation obtain it by other means. Mr. Buckle was one of the rare exceptions. He never was at a public school or university; he was a member of no profession. From the time when he left the private school at which he was educated, down to the publication of the first volume of his book, he lived on his private means in complete privacy, and passed his whole time in reading and thinking. The publication of this book made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic, with a suddenness altogether unexampled.

It would be ungracious to pass over the death of such a man without notice. It seems almost equally ungracious to make his death an occasion for criticising his opinions; but this is a difficulty which cannot be altogether avoided, for to all but his personal connections his book was his life, and expressions of regret at the termination of the one can take no other form than that of

criticism on the other. Probably no book was ever written which did not reflect the author's circumstances; certainly no book ever did so more fully than Mr. Buckle's. Its enormous learning, its harsh and peremptory tone, the indifference with which it tramples on the most sensitive and most deeply rooted of human convictions, are highly characteristic of the work of a solitary student, who passed about eighteen years in constantly reading books, and converting what he read into proofs of his own preconceived opinions. No book of equal popularity ever showed a more remarkable disproportion between the writer's knowledge of books and his knowledge of men. He appears to have seen very little difference between one book and another. For everything he had an "it is written;" but the question where, or why it was written, or what might have been written if the writer had known better, hardly ever seems to have occurred to him. The strange miscalculation of his own powers—indeed, of human powers in general—into which Mr. Buckle fell, was also exceedingly characteristic of a solitary student who had never tried his strength upon manageable undertakings before he undertook his masterpiece. Twenty lives, devoted exclusively to the object, would hardly have enabled him to execute the plan of his book as he conceived it. The title-page of his second volume is one of the most curious, unconscious sarcasms that a man ever directed against himself. "The History of Civilization in England. Volume II., containing Spain and Scotland." Volume I., the General Introduction, contained 854 closely printed pages, and was based upon 490 different books, a list of which filled 23 preparatory pages. Since Liebnitz began the History of Brunswick from the creation of the world, no one probably has constructed so immense a base for a pyramid, which no human being could reasonably expect to raise.

Such an error was characteristic, but it was also generous. It implied an inexhaustible appetite for knowledge and a firm belief in his own power of acquiring and using it. It also implied that the man who made it had passed a solitary life, and had never learnt to measure the scope of his own intellect by comparing it with those of other men of the same calibre. Mr. Buckle never

had this inestimable advantage, and most of the characteristics of his books, which gave so much offence, ought, in fairness, to be ascribed to this circumstance. To his own mind every man's judgment must of course be final, and, unless he has frequent opportunities of seeing how they affect the minds of others, a solitary student is almost certain to come to regard them as the ultimate test of truth for others as well as for himself. When a man has thoroughly fixed in his mind a certain set of principles, has read a vast number of books in the light of them, and has convinced himself, retrospectively, that the books prove the principles to be true—that the footmark into which he has pressed his own foot must, from the first, have been his footmark—he would be more than human if he did not look down on the common opinions of men with more or less benignant contempt. How, he would say, is it possible that you should be right and I wrong when I can quote four hundred and ninety books in support of my views, and you cannot quote forty-nine, perhaps not four? Mr. Buckle could not be expected to see that, though he was a powerful man he was far from being a giant, and that the principles which he embraced as self-evident and uncontested were, in reality, not principles at all, but commonplaces, partly true, partly false, and altogether inadequate to the end for which he seems to have intended to use them.

His book may be described as a wonderfully lively, spirited, and learned pamphlet in support of the commonplaces current in its author's time and class about progress and civilization. He was apparently under the impression that those two words represented some definite end towards which all human energies ought to be directed, and from which they had in former times been diverted by a variety of influences, especially influences of the theological kind, which the science of history would show to be founded on mistakes. He does not, indeed, say this in express words, but the whole tone of his book implies it, and there can be little doubt that most of its extraordinary popularity on both sides of the Atlantic was due to the circumstance that this was apprehended to be its meaning. Whoever takes the pains to examine the matter minutely may readily satisfy himself that the quantity of original or accurate thought which

Mr. Buckle's book contains is extremely small. It had in fact, no foundations at all. From first to last he never tries to solve the two great questions which every page of his writings suggests. What do you mean by civilization? And, whatever it means, what is the good of it? The books which suggested his language about the science of history begin, as all scientific books should begin, with an exact account of the meaning of their fundamental terms and of the limits of the questions which they propose to discuss. When Mr. Mill undertakes to write upon logic he gives a perfectly clear account of what he means by logic, and elaborately describes the degree of value and importance which is to be attached to it; but Mr. Buckle's book gives no account at all of civilization. He begins with a number of speculations tending to prove that a science of history is possible; he then gives outlines of the history of the English intellect and the French intellect between certain specified periods; a history of what he calls the protective spirit in various times and places; an elaborate contrast between Scotland and Spain, with accounts of the different forms assumed by the spirits which animated them; but he never clearly explains what the purport of all this may be or what the principles (if any) are on which it may be decided that some things are good and others are not. His feeling seems to have been that an intelligent, educated Englishman, who set his heart on knowledge and its application to human affairs, and who did his utmost towards giving over the whole world to men who possessed knowledge, stood in need of no justification, that he proved himself, and that all the world was bound to take judicial notice of his principles and wishes upon all subjects as the highest exposition of truth yet known to mankind.

Both the unpleasant side and the weak side of such views are obvious enough. It is more appropriate, on the present occasion, to point out their merits. A man must be judged by what he has, and what he does, rather than by what he fails to do. Mr. Buckle may not have been distinguished for great originality of thought, or even for the power of clearly analyzing his thoughts, and he was most unfortunately defective in the gift of measuring his own powers, and con-

fining them within the limits in which they could be used in a satisfactory manner; but he had an admirable style and wonderful power of illustration. He was not, perhaps, equal to the task which he undertook, of devising formulas which would explain the history of the world, and it would be no difficult matter to show that the formulas which he did devise (such as those about the protective spirit, and the relation between the moral and intellectual elements of progress) did not in reality add much to human knowledge; but no one could have given a livelier or more instructive account of particular passages of French and English history—especially of their literary and scientific history—than Mr. Buckle has given. For instance, his account of French literature in the eighteenth century, contained in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the first volume, is perfectly admirable. Of course, there is wide room for discussion as to the justice of his criticisms; but the skill and ease with which the whole story is told, the great amount not merely of reading, but of study, which he displays, and the ingenuity with which the connection of different writers, and the way in which they illus-

trated the same spirit in relation to different subjects is pointed out, are qualities which hardly any other English writer has displayed to the same extent.

Mr. Buckle's death has deprived mankind, not indeed of any great discoveries in historical or moral science, but of a series of essays of extraordinary brilliancy and learning, written in a delightful style, and animated by and owing their unity to convictions which are disputable enough, but which were honest and appeared true to their author, and were therefore sufficient to enable him to bring to a point his enormous and multifarious reading, and to write with so much energy, life, and spirit, that those who agreed with him least must deeply regret that now they will differ with him no more. When we think of the vastness of his designs, and of the ardor with which he pursued them, we might almost say, with a slight adaptation of the words of Horace:—

*"Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis arenas  
Mensorem cohibent, Archytas,  
Pulveris exigui Syrii propo litus Orontis  
Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest  
Aerias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
Percurrisse polum, morituro."*

#### THE ORGAN GRINDING NUISANCE.

"Dear Mr. Punch,—As master and missus leastways Master takes Inn yure paper reglar, i wish youd be So good as Putt im in *punch* so as for im to se Is self in a Tru lite. Has e apperes wen a poar Italiany orgin man Cums to play Hus a toon at the Airy, runnin out in the Strete stormin and Raven horderen the poar fela orf or give Im in chardg to the pelisse. And wy? al for nothink Save and Ixcep Master bein a Stronomer or Somthink of that sort and bizzey with Rithmetie and Matheu Matricks and al that nonsens oh e Mustent be disturbed at is Bokes and rightin.

"Pleas ser i wants to No wot write master ave got to ender me and susan avin our Musick? e as isn when e and missus goze to consorts and Italiany Thearter and wy ain't we to ave our little Italien Uproar as wel?" **MARY.**

"Sumwheres Crescent, March 1862."

There is no reason why Mary should not enjoy her little uproar, or as much uproar she likes, if she will only go to hear it when she can have that pleasure unattended by anybody else's annoyance. When she gets a holiday, or leave

out, that is her time to enjoy the recreation of uproar. Her master, when engaged in professional calculations, is probably earning the income out of which her own wages are paid. That alone is a sufficient reason why she has no right to the enjoyment of an uproar which distracts his attention from his labors.—**ED.**

*—Punch.*

**ANOTHER** discovery threatens to change our railway plant, perhaps our railway system. This time, it is not the motive power. M. Girard, under the patronage of the emperor, has constructed an experimental railway, on which the carriages are impelled after the manner of a sledge. The runners of the sledges rest on a species of hollow clogs, between which and the rails water is introduced. Thus the carriages slide on thin layer of water, and friction is almost annihilated. The success of the experimental railway is stated to be so decided, that the emperor has appointed a commission to report on the system.

From The Saturday Review.  
FLIRTS.

WHEN Bachelor Kings and Celebrated Friendships have found a chronicler, we wonder it has not occurred to any member of the fair sex to take for her theme Illustrious and Historical Flirtations. A very readable book in one volume might be produced on the subject. There is a whole host of eminent flirts about whom a great deal might be written. The relations which existed between Queen Elizabeth and half her young courtiers, and the Lords Leicester and Essex in particular, would afford materials for an interesting chapter. Then there is Dr. Johnson and the fair Thrale; Horace Walpole and Hannah More; George Whifford and "Good Lady Huntingdon;" Fanny Burney and her perpetual love passages with the king's esquires, all evolved out of her own internal consciousness. If another royal flirt were wanted, there would be Marie Antoinette to descend about, or the romantic story of the third George and Lady Sarah Lennox might be inserted. The chronic flirtation between Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier, and the meteoric one between Madame de Staél and Sir James Mackintosh, would be equally attractive subjects for the pen, and might bring the volume to a brilliant close. We merely indicate by the names thus coupled together some of the materials ready to the hand of any enterprising biographer in an unexplored field. They are not the tenth part of the *rechauffé* which any woman in whom the bookmaking instinct is strong might dish up in a very palatable form.

As so many of the great and wise have been addicted to flirtation, we are justified in inquiring in what the act of flirting consists. Nothing is more common than to be told that a certain lady or gentleman of our acquaintance is a terrible flirt. A vague prejudice against that person is therewith generated in our well-regulated mind. We should be puzzled to say why, for the charge is often idly hazarded, and very imperfectly understood. When alleged of the male sex, it is assumed to mean something volatile, selfish, and anti-matrimonial. And yet it is often unfairly imputed to a man whose intentions are, in a general way, most loyally hymeneal. He is called a flirt, merely because in female company he institutes that

sort of preliminary examination without which none of the common bargains of every-day life are concluded, and ventures to put a possible wife through her paces. He has, of course, his own tastes, his own views of married bliss. He is on the look-out for sympathy, whether in a love of Tennyson's poetry or of batter pudding. How can he ascertain whether he has found the article he wants, except by drawing his fair companion into some sequestered corner of the *salon*, out of the range of the sleepless dowager eye, and testing her capacities and aptitudes—whether she be sentimental or culinary, the disciple of the Muses or Frangatelli? For this reasonable precaution he pays dearly in reputation. But if his case be hard, that of a young lady is often much harder. She is liable to be branded as a flirt if she dances twice at a ball with the same partner, although that partner may be the only man she knows in the room, or the only coadjutor with whom she can perform without detriment to her skirts. She is a flirt, in the eyes of her fair friends at least, if her tastes naturally throw her into the society of men, if she be fond of hunting or yachting, if she include in her vocabulary a piece of slang caught from her Eton brother, if she be lavish in the distribution of her *carte de visite*. She is a flirt in the eyes of every mother in May Fair but her own, if she goes down to supper on the arm of any young man of good fortune. She is a flirt if she be pretty, gushing, or talkative. In short, unless she subsides into an inanimate lump of insipidity and conventionalism, she will be pronounced wanting in maidenly reserve in some quarter or other by a jury of censorious British matrons.

But though the term is often loosely and indiscriminately applied, it has a definite meaning. We flirt when we consciously convey to the mind of a person of the opposite sex the assurance that his or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us. This is done in a variety of ways. A look, a word, a gesture, is enough to carry the flattering conviction to the breast of our companion. It needs no Forster to decipher the characters inscribed on the flirt's brow. One who dances may read—"I think you charming, and I like this conversation immensely." The media by which a flirtation is conducted are multiform, and it is in the selection of

the most effective that real skill is shown. Flirting operations are usually carried on under a cloud of small-talk. The art consists in infusing into this a tone of delicate flattery and covert admiration. To ask a fair Belgravian whether she has been to the opera, or the International Exhibition, argues an innocence worthy of Adam before the Fall; but to supplement such a commonplace by feigning an anxiety to know her favorite picture, or opera, proves that you have at least some rudimentary notion of the way to flirt. Flirting is essentially an artificial and exotic accomplishment. It implies an advanced stage of civilization. It is one of its redeeming features that it involves a considerable refinement of manners. It derives its food and sustenance from the accessories and embellishments of social life. Pictures, music, books, theatres—these are the food on which flirtations are nourished. If it were not for these, our tender looks and pretty nothings would soon languish and die. There is no flirting, properly so called, among the lower classes. There is a vanishing point in the social scale beyond which the phenomenon disappears. "Keeping company" is by no means an analogous institution—it means much more, or much less. There is nothing in the advances made by Betsy Jane to her life-guardsman which savors of flirtation. Her admiration is far too evident and open-mouthed. The element of reserve and restraint is wholly wanting. She has no buffer, in the shape of chit-chat conversation, to interpose between her own addiction to a red coat and the ardor of her military admirer. She has none of the machinery for keeping him at a certain distance. The struggle for existence to which Corydon is exposed, and the constant toil of his life, leave no time for flirting with Phyllis. He casts sheep's eyes on her, and some day or other "gets married;" but without any of those innocuous preliminary processes with which we are familiar in drawing-room life. There is another point to notice. So far as unmarried ladies are concerned, flirting is almost a national characteristic. It is one of the few words expressive of any phase of the tender passion, with which we have enriched the French language. We do not mean that all English maidens have a tendency to flirt, but that out of England the conditions of

girlhood are so different, and its restraints so multiplied, that there is no opportunity for flirtation. In France, a woman cannot flirt until after marriage. The liberty which the youthful female subject of Queen Victoria enjoys has its evil as well as its good.

There are many classes of the genus flirt. The two principal are the flirt intellectual and the flirt sentimental. The first is a rarer, and decidedly nobler specimen of the family. In so far as the subject-matter over which she flirts is superior to that which is the staple of her feeble sister, she herself may be considered superior to the latter. Science, literature, and agreeable conversation, furnish a more valid excuse for flirting than vapid scandal and watery sentiment. Miss Minerva certainly devotes herself too much to the young poet; but then genius is an object which deserves to be courted. It is a pity perhaps that she talks quite so long, or so often, with the distinguished African traveller, but it is the thirst for information which keeps her at his side. When she makes a dead set at the Sydney Smith of the day, it is to enjoy his *bon mots*, and afterwards record them in her diary. Her interest in photography is something more than a pretext for open-air flirtation. If she dabbles in botany or geology, it is not a mere lure for botanical or geological eldest sons. Even if it were, such means would, to some extent, justify the end, for, as an Enfield rifle is superior to a broomstick, so hammer, lenses, and chemicals are worthier weapons for the conquest of a husband than languishing looks and idle babble. There is no similarly redeeming feature about the flirt sentimental. She is altogether a poor creature. Her only idea of business is to trade in a weak manner upon her own feelings. She is full of secrets and trivial confidences. She is always submitting small metaphysical problems to the consideration of her male acquaintance. She has a perennial supply of petty cases of conscience to lay before her moustached confessors. Will Captain Jones tell her whether she is very wrong to prefer her friends to her relatives, Gregorian chants to Anglican, a Hansom cab to a four-wheeler? Does he agree with her that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Can he explain why she is never merry when she hears sweet music? All which queries the

gallant captain is as competent to answer as to write a treatise on the origin of evil, or the topography of the moon. A married flirt of this type may safely go further, and pass herself off as a blighted being. For her the world is an arid desert, in which she is ever yearning for sympathy. Fixing her melancholy staglike eyes on yours, she darkly hints that her home is not happy, that she is not appreciated, that she has been the victim of some foul parental conspiracy. The only compensation for all this is a train of youthful adorers. If the truth were known, her marriage would probably turn out to have been mercenary; but simply because, much as she craves for sympathy, she craved more for a splendid establishment.

We have only one species to particularize—the religious or philanthropic flirt. No one can have watched the relations which exist between the bachelor curate and his flock without becoming conscious of her existence. On the celibacy of the clergy depends, we fear, even in Protestant England, a great part of the organization of the parish. That female enthusiasm which finds its expression in the votive slipper, languishes and dies in presence of the curate whose quiver is full. With the failure of the slipper-crop comes the collapse of the Dorcas meetings, a slackening in the efforts of Scripture-readers, a painful indifference to district-visiting. Those errands of charity which somehow or other used generally to lead past the Rev. Cyril's door are discontinued. No more delicious *tête-à-têtes* in his study, for the purpose of reclaiming Biddy Brown from the snare of the Ranters. No more blending of soprano voices with his cathedral tenor at the Choral Union. Not that the minor luminary of the parochial system monopolizes the attention of the serious flirt. If the rector be a pet preacher, he comes in for a full share. Upon the school-inspector at his annual visit, she opens her batteries with tremendous effect. What a pretty timidity she manifests at his presence, and how multifarious the points on which she wants his advice! What a flutter of gratification when the dear creature takes up the needlework, and says something oracular about the button-holes! But the greatest prize of all is a real live missionary. If he is black, so much the better. She hangs

on his tales of moving incident like another Desdemona. She is never tired of hearing from his lips about Abbeokouta and the King of Dahomey. In short, she is, within certain limits, very catholic in her flirting propensities. She does not scruple to indulge them whenever she finds a man who may be fairly considered to be doing good in his generation.

Space does not permit us to dwell on all the subordinate varieties of our subject, else we might notice the vista for flirtation opened up by what are called female accomplishments, and point out how art and music and languages have respectively their exponent flirt. Or we might attempt a classification according to temper and manners, and contrast the boisterous flirt with the demure—the rattle with the "sly puss." We have a few words to say, in conclusion, applicable to the whole family. It is from no wish to spoil the sport of any of our fair friends, proceeding just now so merrily in the *salons* of the metropolis, that we venture to remark that all flirting on the part of a woman involves, in greater or less degree, a want of self-respect. It is an admission of weakness—an invitation to a man to say what he pleases with impunity. The flirt quits, as it were, her entrenchments to go forth in quest of adventure. Thrown among the kindly and chivalrous, she fares well enough; but kindness and chivalry are not universal, and woe to her if she some day fall in with a partner "flown with insolence and wine," or arouse the malignant tongue of a jealous wife. It is as well to remember that the Rubicon which divides the aggravated flirtation from the indiscretion, if it be deep, is also narrow. But, worse than a fault, flirting is in nine cases out of ten, so far as the matrimonial chance is concerned, a blunder. In the tenth, it is successful only because the flirt is clever, or the flirtee silly. Of this we are very sure, that no woman should venture to flirt unless possessed of considerable strength of mind or force of character. Giddy heights require steady heads. When Opie was asked by a flippant youth what he mixed his colors with, he replied gruffly, "With brains, sir." Young ladies should abstain from flirting unless they use the same recipe. After all, in a social point of view, the flirt is much more pleasant than the prude. There is no greater

infliction than to have to do the agreeable to a woman who is perpetually standing on the defensive—who, when you sit down to talk, increases the distance between your chair and her own, and who looks as if she expected every moment that you were about to say or do some horrid thing. As well might you attempt a few amiable passages with a hedgehog. The more airy and unembarrassed your tone, the more she seems to bristle with precaution. Your sprightly nonsense is received with evident suspicion, your

innocent sallies with uneasiness. You begin to think, from the half-frightened expression of your companion's face, that your looks must be flustered, your language intemperate, and that you have more of the Lothario in your outer man than you were ever aware of. Either you are annoyed, or tempted to amuse yourself by shocking in good earnest such sensitive propriety. Then, and not before, you mentally acknowledge the debt of gratitude which society owes to the flirt.

THE Hungarian newspaper *Magyarorszag* of the 31st of May contains a piece of literary news which has thrilled all Hungary, and will resound throughout Europe. It is well known that the great King of Hungary, Matthias Corvinus, who reigned from 1458 to 1490, collected a library at Buda, which was said at his death to amount to about fifty thousand volumes, and to be the finest then in existence. It was neglected and diminished by his successors, who were in the habit of making presents from it to foreign courts; and when, in 1541, after a series of misfortunes caused by the fatal battle of Mohacs, Buda was compelled to receive a Turkish garrison, the library fell out of notice, and finally disappeared. Many were the inquiries made respecting it after the Turks were driven out of Hungary by the arms of Austria, at the close of the seventeenth century; but hitherto these inquiries met with no success. Pray, the Hungarian historian, stated, in 1779, that he was informed by a resident at Pera that a considerable portion of it was still extant at Constantinople; but, in general, the Hungarians who believed in the existence of the Corvinian Library were looked upon much in the same light as the Portuguese who expected the return of King Sebastian. M. Toldy, the indefatigable Secretary of the Hungarian Academy, in his "History of Hungarian Literature,"—of which a new edition is now issuing from the press,—expressed a more hopeful opinion as far back as 1851; and the Academy recently addressed an official request to three of its members visiting Constantinople to apply in its name to the Porte for permission to make researches. A communication has been received from these commissioners—Messrs. Kubinyi, Ipolyi and Henszlmann,—and Secretary Toldy announced the result last week in a letter to the *Magyarorszag*. "Success," he writes, "has crowned the united efforts of our patriotic associates. The 21st of May was the happy day on which, in the private library of the Old Seraglio, they might exclaim, with patriotic pride and joy, *Eupryka*. The fact is established. What civilized plunderers had not carried off from the Corvinian Library before 1541,

carefully preserved to this day by the successors of the cultivated and genial Soliman the Second, is still in existence—is still together; and all that we have now to ask for from the God of Hungary is, that he will soften the heart of the Grand Signior, that at least we may possess in a copy whatever is of interest to our own or to European literature." He goes on to anticipate the recovery of the lost annals of Janus Pannonius, the poet, and historian of the reign of King Matthias; of the Hungarian songs of Gabor, which were sung at the royal table; and of other literary treasures which have been missing for more than three centuries. "We stand," he exclaims, "on the threshold of the land of promise;" and we are afraid that he promises himself too much. No particulars are given in the communication of the commissioners as to what has actually been found; and we have, perhaps, as much right to look for the lost decades of Livy as for the lost annals of Pannonius. But, in the mean time, the occurrence is one that cannot fail to awaken a lively interest on all sides, and an anxiety for further information.—*Athenaeum*.

RECENT accounts of the gigantic tunnel through Mont Cenis state that the works are progressing favorably. It is ascertained that the tunnel will somewhat exceed eight English miles in length, and will pass under the ridge of the mountain at a depth of a full English mile below the surface. Shafts being out of the question, the tunnel will be ventilated by compressed air, driven into it by machinery worked by water-power, which, it is calculated will drive about 51,000 cubic feet of compressed air into the tunnel daily. According to the present rate of working, the tunnel will not be finished under six years; but we believe it is intended to increase the power of the boring machines and to make them work more expeditiously.—*Athenaeum*.

## MEDIATION.

THE *Constitutionnel* publishes the following significant article as its first leader. It is headed "Mediation :—"

" Battles, great battles, are about to be fought in America, and perhaps have been fought already at the very moment we are writing. It is impossible, in fact, for the armies of the North and the armies of the South, in presence of each other at Corinth and at Richmond, not to come to blows. Deluges of blood will be shed, and, what is more sad to contemplate, whatever the issue may be, these terrible encounters do not promise a solution of the actual crisis either for America or for Europe. The victory, no matter on which side, will not be attended with any final result.

" Violence, hatred, passions of every description, of which the first War of Independence has given us the recital, are nothing compared with the hatred which now animates the South against the North ; but they may give an idea of the resistance and of the obstacles which the Federal armies will have to meet from the Confederates. Let history, whose lessons are so rarely listened to, serve at least in some measure to give a material eloquence under such circumstances. We are willing to grant to those who do not share our opinion anything they wish ; we will grant to the Federals superiority by land and by sea ; we will accept proximate triumphs for the North. The question which the positive spirit of modern civilization is so fond of putting still remains,—' And what then ? ' Will the triumph of the Federal arms produce miracles ? Will it change the seasons ? Will it dissipate the hot weather and the sickness which must ensue ? Can it manage that the extent of territory conquered, and consequently to be occupied, shall not be equal to the whole extent, of France, England, and Austria put together ? Where are the armies to occupy such an extent, and where is the moral strength which could dispense with occupying them and hold the place of soldiers ?

" We simply wish to touch upon facts—nothing but facts. What do we see on the side of the Confederates ? They burn their produce ; they burn their provisions ; they destroy their railways ; they blow up their dockyards, their arsenals, and their ships ; they leave their wives and children to fight in battle. When, in a proclamation of savage energy, General Beauregard recommends the planters to destroy their crops which are within the reach of the enemy, and to apply the torch to them without delay or hesitation, it is not simply a captain

excited by the drunkenness of war who speaks—it is the general sentiment loudly expressed. Had not numerous meetings already expressed their opinion ? Once again let us observe, we do not wish to express our own ideas on such acts ; we simply wish to give facts.

" On the other hand, what are the Federals' doings ? What at once strikes us is, that the country of freedom *par excellence* has commenced by suppressing freedom. Military directors have seized upon all the telegraphic lines which traverse America in every direction. The same censorship compels the newspapers to publish only what is favorable to the North and unfavorable to the South. And what is the result of this ? The North speaks to the whole world by the electric wires, while information from the South, when it does come, comes tardily. In fact, the journals and correspondence from the South, which reach us by way of the Havana or St. Thomas', are sometimes five weeks behindhand, and thus lose all interest . . .

" The North proclaims martial law with all its severities ; it suppresses every independent voice ; it threatens the suspected with death. In presence of such despotism the English press has not been able to remain silent . . .

" In the midst of such a struggle, between such desperate opponents, who dare say that a spontaneous or likely pacification is possible ? Peace can only come from without, and the word which we have placed at the head of this article can alone put an end to a war which has desolated, steeped in blood, and decimated America already too long, and, what is more, caused Europe to suffer too long. The word we allude to is ' Mediation !'

" But whence is this mediation to come, and on what basis can it be founded ? Whence it will come we have already stated. As regards the basis, it may easily be found.

" First of all, it is evident that as ' Mediation,' in principle, must be accepted by both belligerents, it can only represent ideas of justice and of moderation, and that consequently it cannot be addressed to those who would like to engraft a slave war on a civil war, or to those who consider the institution of slavery as an institution of Divine right.

" This mediation, a point most singularly overlooked, corresponds not only to the most vital interests of commercial Europe, but also to the most sensible minds that represent the interests of America. Let us remember that President Lincoln has pronounced himself in the same sense as, before him, Generals Burnside and Butler did against an excitement to a slave war, and

that in his last proclamation he called to mind his special message, quoting the following resolution, adopted by large majorities by both Houses of Congress: 'The United States must co-operate with that State which might adopt the gradual abolition of slavery, by giving to such State, in its judgment, such a compensation as is required for public or private inconveniences resulting from such a change of system.'

" Let us bring to bear upon this passage another solemn declaration made by President Lincoln in his inauguration address of 4th March, 1861: ' I have no intention to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the question of slavery where it exists; I do not think that I have the right to do so legally, and I am by no means inclined to do so.'

" It is thus that the North speaks, in the spirit of moderation and of justice. Will the South be less accessible to this spirit of conciliation and of wisdom? We do not think so, and we have a proof at hand. A man of consideration in the South, Mr. Yancey, a Commissioner of the Southern States, at a banquet given at Fishmonger's Hall on the 9th of November last in London, spoke as follows: ' When our adversary shall have become sufficiently calm to treat us as belligerents the aurora of peace will appear in the horizon. When that hour has struck I think I may say that the Confederate Government will not show itself inflexible, except upon one point,—the care of our honor and of our independence. As regards the great interests of peace and of humanity, our Government will know how to make concessions in everything simply material or of secondary importance.'

" Those words were hailed with immense applause; and here, evidently, are to be found the basis of a possible arrangement—of an arrangement such as may be proposed in the name of Europe by a great and free nation.

" Beyond this—beyond this most opportune mediation, is the point of view of European interests. So legitimate is the point of view of humanity and civilization there remain only catastrophes the extent of which no human eye can penetrate. The capture of Richmond would not advance the affairs of America one whit more than the capture of New Orleans. The South bathed in blood, the North plunged into bankruptcy and anarchy, commercial Europe seeing its sufferings increase—such are the consequences of the continuance of this war.

" Mediation, on the contrary, by putting an end to a fratricidal struggle, and by consecrating a separation already accomplished without allowing one of the belligerents to crush the other, and cause desolation instead

of peace, would render the most eminent service to America as well as to Europe.

" One year ago, when the war broke out, France offered her mediation to America. That offer was not accepted. What an immense amount of bloodshed, what sad catastrophes, what desolation across the Atlantic, what suffering in our own homes, might have been spared if the voice of France had then been listened to!"

From The Spectator, 14 June.

#### THE PROSPECT OF MEDIATION.

THE intelligence from America becomes gloomier with every succeeding mail. The Confederates, it is true, retreat incessantly, and the evacuation of Corinth would seem to point to some source of weakness not yet patent to the world. The force collected was immense, the troops were, for all that appears, in good heart, and the position had been selected and strengthened by Beauregard himself, yet it was abandoned without a contest. The Confederates must be suffering either from want of supplies, or, what is exceedingly probable, want of powder. But though the Federals advance, the prospect of a satisfactory termination to the campaign seems only to become more remote. There is no sign of the acquiescence which must precede submission; on the contrary, sectional hate seems every day more bitter. It is possible to govern a conquered people, even while national hatred continues to exist, but only on one or two conditions. Either the country must be completely occupied by soldiery, as Venice is by the Austrians, so that resistance shall be *visibly* hopeless, or it must be governed with such stern justice that the mass who have no imaginations, who prefer comfort to rank, and prosperity to freedom, shall unconsciously aggregate themselves round the Government which secures social order.

The first alternative is of course hopeless, as the whole Federal army would not furnish one soldier to the square mile, and the second the Federal generals appear not to understand. They issue orders which are equivalent to war *after* submission. General Fremont's plan for the pacification of Missouri was to threaten, that over a district as large as England every man caught with arms in his hands should suffer death,

an order which, while it did not disarm the population, made it safer to join the rebel army than to stay quietly at home. Then General Wool, exasperated by the refusal of the people of Norfolk to thank him for having thrashed them, gravely threatens to put a stop to trade. He might as justifiably threaten to starve all his prisoners of war. Had he kept quiet, maintained order, and fostered trade, the people rejoicing in their new prosperity, would in three months have lost the first motive for resistance, and if still disloyal in sentiment would be acquiescent in act. And now General Butler, unless he is much belied, has done one of those acts which, far more than any direct oppression, drive populations to despair. The irritable vanity of the North is, it appears, wounded by the impertinence of the Southern women, who spit as they pass "the flag," make faces at Northern soldiers, and utter epigrams on Yankees not pleasant to men who devoutly believe themselves the most heroic of mankind. Insults like these from men, it may be admitted, it might be necessary to repress. No army could under them maintain its discipline, for the consequent series of challenges would speedily demoralize the force. But insults from women may be borne, if not with patience, at least with that frowning passiveness with which one receives the blows of a naughty child. General Butler thinks otherwise, and has decreed that any woman insulting a soldier shall be "treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." He meant, we believe, that she should be imprisoned, but the order would justify any outrage, and is in its mere wording an unendurable insult. Any soldier can now seize any woman who does not submit to him, declare that he is insulted, call her, though in plainer Saxon, a harlot, and drag her away to prison. No white population ever endured such an insult, and among the Southerners, who, like all races living among slaves, have a Mussulman sensitiveness about their women, it must rouse a feeling of inexpiable wrong. New Orleans, however governed, will not be content for years, and the immediate result will, in all probability, be a frightful attempt at massacre. Beauregard has of course seized his opportunity, and the circulation of Butler's order with his endorsement will, throughout

the remainder of the struggle, incite every Southern city to the resistance of despair. It will redouble, for example, the energy of those who defend Richmond, and whom General McClellan, it seems, is about to reduce by gradual approaches.

There is little more hope of a speedy issue from strictly military success. The rush on General Banks, though not so important as appeared from the telegrams, still indicated how very little advance the Federals have made in Virginia. After six months of victory it was still necessary, upon the first alarm, to call up new troops from the North to defend the capital. The recruiting offices have again been opened. Seventy thousand men are required at once, and that number will soon be declared insufficient to supply the huge gaps left by death and disease. There is no point upon which it is so difficult to obtain information as on the mortality in the American army, the people having an indifference to life common in countries where, individualism being extinct, the loss of so many lives is only felt like the loss of so much military *materiel*. But the death-roll must be enormous, and the summer is not yet begun. The South suffers doubtless as much, but the South has carried out a conscription which will, for a year or two, render the sick-list of less direct importance. Raw recruit for raw recruit, the South can force into its ranks as many men as the North can attract there, and the consumption of human life may go on till the States have suffered as Germany suffered during the Thirty Years' War. The North, if determined, must win in the end, because, if it dare face national bankruptcy, it can go on till the South has no more men to be killed, and can, moreover, at any moment, call four millions of useful allies out of the enemy's ranks. But the process will require years; and for all this destruction of human life, these blows to civilization, these impediments placed in the way of the progress of the world, Europe must pay in gold and misery. If peace were restored we should obtain enough cotton to keep us at work at least half-time. If America were dipped in the sea we should obtain almost the same amount. But this incessant warfare which may cease at any hour, at once locks up the old supply and discourages speculators from attempting to seek a new one. Over half

Western Europe—in England and Belgium and France—there is a distress which every month threatens to intensify, and which, if continued for another two years, may change the social and political aspect of the world.

We cannot, under such circumstances, be much surprised, nor can we much regret, that the Emperor of the French should once again be inclined to offer his mediation. Were there still a hope that the North would fairly conquer the South, abolish slavery, and restore the Union freed from that terrible curse, it might still be the duty of England to resist any interference. But the doggedness of the South, and the immorality of the North, have conspired to destroy that hope, and there remains no reason even for open disapprobation, though there are many against assisting in the design. Nothing has occurred during the war to diminish the deep distaste with which all Englishmen ought to view the success of a power like the South. The planter has not relaxed for an hour his gripe on the throat of the black. Even the terrible discipline through which the South has passed—a discipline which would have ennobled most races—has on this point failed to produce any perceptible change. Slavery is still proclaimed the key-stone of society, its recognition still made the first condition of peace, its extension still ardently desired. At this very time, in the supreme hour of the struggle, the dictators of the South have despatched an army under General Sibley into Mexico with orders to seize Chihuahua, Potosi, and Sonora, and so extend slavery over three new provinces. With the return of peace their progress in that direction might prove irresistible, and the original dream, a slave empire around the Gulf, would be once more revived. England can do nothing honorably to facilitate such a result, though in the proved impossibility of complete Northern success

she is not bound to prevent it, and so indefinitely protract an objectless scene of horror. Her course is to stand aloof, the more so because any interference would undoubtedly be fatal to the only true object of mediation. The Northerners will bear from Napoleon, who is slightly Southern, what they will not bear from us who are strictly neutral. In their present temper, a notice that England had offered her services would be looked upon as an insult, and the negotiation, if it commenced at all, would be frustrated by endless suspicion—suspicion which, as it would have no ground, so it could never be removed. Our business for once is to stand aloof, and let the Emperor of the French try if it yet be possible to suggest some terms of arrangement. The South, even if prepared to perish for independence, can scarcely be willing to suffer more for any inferior object. The North, however determined, must still view its debt, and its loss of life and resources, with something approaching dismay. The combatants may possibly listen to terms, though the details will involve difficulties which seem to outsiders almost insuperable. The question of the Mississippi alone involves points as difficult as any which diplomacy ever tried to decide. The North cannot, if it would, give up its control of the river, for if it did the West would cease to exist. At the same time the river is almost as essential to the South, which, moreover, undoubtedly looks to Texas and Mexico to recoup itself for the loss of the Border States. That dream of empire will be the hardest of all to give up, but if it is not surrendered the first object of the war has been lost, and slavery regains a field for indefinite extension. It is no light task which the emperor will undertake, but it is not, we think, as things stand, one which Great Britain is required to strain herself to impede.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH & FARRAN have published a sheet of "The Coins of England," containing paper impressions, gold, silver, and copper gilt, of the various coins in circulation, with an explanation of the value of each piece

in American, French, Dutch, German and Spanish coins. The coins are nicely imitated in the gilt paper; and the sheet, if hung up in coffee-rooms and railway-stations, would be useful to some of our foreign visitors.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.\*

PART FIRST.

THE new work which now lies open before me is called *Histoire de la Terreur*. The nature of a tragic volume is spoken by this title-page: it strikes upon the memory like a tolling bell; reviving images of pain and disease which end in death. It is a homily on the misery and the depravity of human nature: it affects the nerves like a sentence of condemnation.

The history which this book is to disclose, comprising the period of the great French Revolution from the year 1792 to 1794, is the cruelest to be found in the annals of mankind. It is the history of persecuted innocence and ruined greatness; of love repelled to by hatred; of religion and virtue trampled down: but as long as humanity is moved by compassion for a great tribulation, as long as it is touched with awe by a signal change of fortune, as long as it is stirred by the contemplation of a brave endurance, as long as it acknowledges sympathy with a perfect Christian patience, so long will men be led to ponder upon these records; and for this reason M. Ternaux' book will be received with eagerness, and read with interest. This volume is only the first portion of an unfinished work, and therefore any present criticism would be premature. I am not, then, writing as a critic, but merely seeking to convey to my readers some distinct abstractions from the mass of impressions gradually accumulated and stored up in the memory, which have been revived and augmented by M. Mortimer-Ternaux. The hand that summons these thoughts to present activity, and leads them out in a moving procession, is directed by a heart with whose feelings I am proud to find my own in unison; a heart which revolts against cruelty and oppression, and which has courage to plead a righteous cause. M. Ternaux speaks in his preface with just indignation of a party, of which M. Louis Blanc is the most distinguished member, who would palliate the excesses of the French Revolution—who would glory over its atrocities, and represent Robespierre and Danton as its martyrs. His tone is temperate: he does not think

that a protest against crime can require the aid of inflated periods; and he concludes with the belief that a candid relation of the facts of the case will suffice for the merits of his cause. I hope he is doing no more than justice to his country by this faith—I hope that if, in a period of feverish convulsion, it was guilty of an immense iniquity, its citizens will not now in a cooler hour steep themselves more deeply in that guilt by upholding it as a virtue—I hope that only a small minority among existing Frenchmen are prepared to do this—I hope that only few can be found to preach the doctrines of Ferocity—I hope that France is not to wear an eternal stain. I will not believe that a great nation is capable of deliberately adopting Terror for its creed, and Robespierre for its idol.

I have before me at the present moment a portion of the correspondence of some of the most distinguished men of the France of 1793, which may serve as a fair sample of their humanity.

“*Pillot à Gravier, juré du tribunal révolutionnaire de Paris.*

“Ma santé se rétablit chaque jour par l'effet de la destruction des ennemis. La guillotine, la fusillade ne va pas mal. 60—80—200 à la fois sont fusillés; et tous les jours on a le plus grand soin d'en mettre de suite en état d'arrestation.”

“*Achard à Gravier.*

“Encore des têtes et chaque jour des têtes tombent. Quelles délices tu aurois goutées si tu eusses vu avant hier cette justice nationale de deux cent neuf scélérats.”

“*Cousin à Robespierre.*

“Le sang impur des prêtres et des aristocrates abreuve les sillons et coulé à grands flots sur les échafauds dans les cités. Juge quel spectacle pour un républicain animé du feu le plus sacré et du plus pur amour de la liberté.”

Such was the pleasant correspondence between the great men of this period—such was the exchange of courteous congratulations between them. “Dear citizen, eighty heads have rolled down from the scaffold to-day, and there may be a hundred to-morrow. *Quel délice.* How delightful!” And what were these enemies whose bleeding heads constituted such a precious spectacle? Were they dangerous foes, foreign invaders?—were they taken sword in hand?—was there

\* *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792-1794: d'après les documents authentiques et des pièces inédites.* Par M. Mortimer-Ternaux. Paris. 1862.

anything like an equal chance between the destroyer and the destroyed? There was not! — there was silence and submission. The king perished, a victim to his horror of a civil war. Well-intentioned, but weak, by his very terror of bloodshed, he was the cause of that full flow which swelled into a deluge, which made all the gutters of Paris run purple, and which swept into its hideous current by thousands such poor innocent, harmless existences as those whose names follow here, copied from the official *liste des condamnés* :—

“ Jean Julian, wagoner, for having cried ‘ Vive le Roi,’ condemned to death.

“ Jean Baptiste Henry, aged eighteen, journeyman tailor, convicted of having cut down tree of liberty, executed September 6th, 1793.

“ James Duchesne, aged sixty, formerly a broker, since a servant; John Savage, aged thirty-four, gunsmith; Françoise Loizeher, aged forty-seven, milliner; Melanie Canosse, aged twenty-one, milliner; and Marie Madeline Visolle, aged twenty-five, female hairdresser; — all these, convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *poussé des cris*, were condemned to death, and executed the same day.

“ Geneviève Gounon, aged seventy-seven, sempstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the Revolution by the enemies of the people and of liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyze the public, and to annihilate the existing Government; condemned to death the 11th May, and executed the same day.

“ François Bertrand, aged thirty-seven, tinsman and publican, convicted of having furnished to the defenders of the country some wine injurious to the health of citizens; Marie Angelique Plaisant, sempstress, at Douai, convicted of having exclaimed, ‘ A fig for the nation! ’ and executed the same day.”

Let this specimen suffice as a record of the policy of the Jacobin rulers—that gang of assassins which called itself a Government, and which undertook in a special manner to provide for the public safety. Their tender, their careful consideration—their unremitting diligence—their scrupulous vigilance—are sufficiently manifested by the profound obscurity of the names upon which they summoned the guillotine and the lantern to flash the last sharp gleam

of light: their promptitude and determination are sufficiently recognized in the swiftness with which sentence and stroke followed upon detection. They would seem to be harmless beings, these poor victims: they occupied no high station—they followed peaceful trades: their existence, one would think, could hardly afford any subject for serious alarm; but it must be remembered that creatures hitherto unimportant acquired considerable power in the revolutionary movement, and that those who struck at miserable milliners and hairdressers and poor artisans, knew by their own experience what such individuals may, by a change of situation, be capable of effecting. It was the fierce brewer, Santerre, who led the battalions which stormed the Tuilleries on the 20th June. It was Collot d’Herbois, an unsuccessful player from the theatre at Lyons, who was the most overbearing of the revolutionary orators; who contrived and carried out the worst of the barbarities against the Royalists of Paris; and who revenged on his native town its adherence to persecuted priests, and perhaps at the same time its criticisms on a bad actor, by scenes of carnage in its streets and in its river, which may be said, in the great contest for supremacy in cruelty, to have won the prize. For here things went so far that those left to live prayed to die. They came to the feet of the murderers imploring to be delivered from the infliction of existence with the urgency which men in extremity are wont to use when they plead for life. They had seen and suffered so much of horror, that they wished to die and forget it. They would not drag about with them the weight of memory. They had seen mothers chained to the stake, and forced to look on while their children were shot down like wild beasts—they had seen pretty little helpless babies slaughtered, and their bleeding bodies danced from pike to pike as a show for their parents—they had seen woman dragged out to be murdered even in the hour of their travail—they had seen such sights, and known such partings, and suffered such unspeakable anguish, that death had become very welcome; and therefore it ceased to be cruel merely to kill, and it became necessary to add circumstances of outrage to the last hour. Life was prolonged for subtle additions of agony, and the victims were not permitted to look upon anni-

hilation as a blessing ; it was made a curse even to the most pious souls, by the manner of its perpetration. Virtuous women were forced to tremble at a death which was accompanied by foul indignity. They were stripped of their clothes, bound to naked men, and exposed to the brutal gaze of the populace ; and their bitter cries of outraged modesty, which a violent death could not extort, gratified the ears of their destroyers, till they were hurled at last into the oblivion they longed for, and the waters of the Rhone closed kindly over them to hide their disgrace and their despair. Fouché was the partner of Collot d'Herbois in the command of these massacres at Lyons. He stationed himself at a front place in the window of the Hôtel de Ville to survey the fusillades, and erected a telescope there in order perfectly to enjoy the sight. This man escaped the punishment which overtook his comrades ; and if their tragic end points at the possibility of a just retribution even in this world, his prosperous career forbids the thought.

Jourdan, who made the first step on the day of the taking of the Bastille towards that distinction which subsequently obtained for him the honorable title of *Coupe Tête*, by tearing out *with his own hands* the hearts of Foulon and Berthier, and elevating them on a pike for the admiration of the less skilful among the crowd, was by his first trade a butcher ; and Le Gendre, who at a later date made at the bar of the Assembly some of the most exciting denunciations against the royal family, and afterwards against the Girondins, was of the same calling.

Such were the elements that the eloquence of Mirabeau and others of his side—like him, sprung from the aristocracy of France, but resolved to embark in the popular cause—had called into sudden activity. Such were the men whom they had invoked to clamor for what they called reform. They lamented their error too late.

Mirabeau, when the immediate consequences of his own acts appeared in the general and increasing disorder of the State, began to look further forward, and to see clearly that there was something worse to come. He, the only great genius of the Revolution, struggled to arrest it : he worked passionately with his teeming brain, with his ardent imagination, with the strong impulse of his enthusiastic nature—but he worked in vain.

It was too late ; and he only lived to learn how much easier it is to rend than to close up, to destroy than to reconstruct. He had one intimate friend who was attached to the royal cause. This was the Count de la Marck, who belonged to the highest nobility in Germany ; he was a son of the princely house of Arenberg. He was appointed by Maria Theresa, at the time of Marie Antoinette's marriage, to make one of her escort to Paris ; and in private the empress, assuring him of her particular esteem, requested him to watch over her daughter's fortunes, and to serve her faithfully if he ever saw her in trouble. He obeyed that sacred command—he was a loyal, devoted servant ; he wanted neither office nor emolument ; and though his friendship with Mirabeau subjected him at one time to suspicions from the court, he never for a single moment swerved from his attachment to the queen.

To him Mirabeau revealed his secret thoughts ; and while he told them, the hot sweat oozed through his pores, his face grew livid, his powerful frame shook with passion ; he prophesied like the death seer, and shuddered at the pictures which his own prescience painted. “The king and queen,” said he, “must take some decided step ; if they let things go as they are going now, it will be horrible. *La populace battrà le pavé de leurs cadavres.*” He saw his friend's features, naturally calm, convulsed at these words, rapid changes of color on his face indicating an unwonted hurry of the blood ; the emotions he had excited were reflected back upon himself. His passion rose to a towering height, and with appalling force he reiterated his sentence—“*La populace battrà le pavé de leurs cadavres.*” This was in the year 1790.

Mirabeau's efforts for the deliverance of the king and queen, which so unhappily fell to the ground, were not instigated by the love of money merely. They were the fruits of repentance, not of corruption ; he was urged partly by his contempt for the proceedings of the National Assembly, and still more by a strong movement of compassion for those great sorrows of which he had sown the first seeds.

It cannot be denied that he accepted from the court the payment of his debts, which were considerable ; but it must be remembered that without their liquidation he

would not have been a free man; and I firmly believe that Mirabeau *without his necessities*—following merely the guidance of his feeling—would at this moment have advanced to the rescue of his sovereign. If Mirabeau's disgust at the disorder which prevailed, if his disdain of the feeble-mindedness of the government; if his foresight of the reign of physical force, which was to plunge France back into barbarism, inspired him with the desire to make a great effort for the support of the throne,—a deeper sentiment, a more glowing thought, a passionate devotion, gave new energy to that impulse after his first interview with the queen. This interview took place after a long period of negotiation by letter, conducted in secret, with La March's assistance. The king and queen had in the beginning of their troubles resented the suggestion of any service from Mirabeau. "I hope," the queen had said, "that we shall never sink so low as to have recourse to M. de Mirabeau!"

Poor queen! she had come to it now. She believed him—but that suspicion was unjust—to have been one of the instigators of the revolts of the 5th and 6th of October, when, according to the description of Camille Desmoulins, ten thousand Judiths set forth to cut off the head of Holofernes, when the precincts of the palace at Versailles were invaded by a sanguinary mob, when she and her king were forced back to Paris by a frantic populace with La Fayette at their head (La Fayette, who let the tumult rage which he might have quelled); when she saw with a horror she never could forget, the butchery of her faithful guards; but the hour had arrived which obliged her to ask this man for his help. The king's lethargy and continual fluctuations of opinion had interfered with all Mirabeau's designs for his good hitherto; he hoped now to make a stronger impression by personal contact, and by exerting a more direct influence on the queen, through her to rouse the king. The royal family were at this time at St. Cloud.

Mirabeau had a niece, Madame d'Argenson, living in the neighborhood, and at her house he passed the night previous to this famous interview. It took place in the queen's apartment, but in presence of the king; and I mention this because many false

rumors, adding circumstances of romance to a truth which needed no addition, have been spread abroad on this subject. The king wished his connection with Mirabeau to be concealed from his ministers. Necker, whom Mirabeau held in contempt, was at that time in office. It is difficult to keep any proceeding a secret where a woman is concerned; and when the scene of action is a palace, it becomes impossible. Accordingly, small facts oozed out through unsuspected apertures, and, as usual, with their forms contorted. The actual details of the case were indeed never rightly understood until the publication of the correspondence between Mirabeau and De la March.

It was a strange meeting between such a man and such a woman. He in his person touched the extreme of human ugliness, as she in hers reached the extreme of human beauty. He was the descendant of a noble race, but his manners gave the lie to his birth; and it was no wonder, for his youth had been spent in troubles and disorders, and in long periods of lonely imprisonment. The severity of a tyrannical father had stimulated his evil passions, and their traces were savagely stamped upon his face. The small-pox, too, had come with its malignity to blur and blunt features already sufficiently misshapen by nature; and all this ugliness was on a colossal scale, at once imposing and revolting by its mass. Intellect and size gave a kind of generous grandeur to the aspect of this monstrous man; but the sensual combated on even terms with the intellectual in his countenance, and his manners, when he strove to please, were grotesque, from an exaggeration of politeness. This was felt especially in the company of ladies, when an excess of homage and compliment was joined with a freedom of tone which betrayed the society he was accustomed to haunt. He had a way, too, of turning green when he was agitated, which was eminently disagreeable. He was perhaps never more deeply moved than on this occasion, when the queen advanced to meet him, and she at her first movement towards him experienced such a nervous shock as affected her health for some days afterwards. She was made to inspire loyalty and love. It was difficult to resist the majesty of her demeanor and the sweetness of her beauty. Her dignity owed something of its grace to the long im-

perial line of which she was the fairest scion, but more to the candor and courage of her soul. She rose so much above her humiliations that her adversity became the glorious crown of her majesty ; it was not by courtly art or skilful dissimulation that she showed as a great queen, but by her brave sincerity. And now, after the first salutations were over, she addressed Mirabeau at once upon a theme from which most women in her position would have shrunk in fear. She questioned him as to the part he had played in the insurrections of October. Mirabeau was completely subdued : he poured out protestations, impetuous and honest, of his innocence of any share in those fierce attacks upon his sovereigns ; but he was eloquent in self-accusation concerning the troubles he had actually been the cause of ; eloquent in repentance and in adoration ; and he left this conference bewildered with admiration.

"He was *enthousiasmé*," says De la Marche :—

"La dignité de la Reine, la grace repandue sur toute sa personne, son affabilité, lorsque avec un attendrissement mêlé de remords, il s'était accusé lui-même d'avoir été une des principales causes de ses peines, tout en elle l'avait charmé au delà de toute expression. Cette conférence lui inspira un nouveau zèle et augmenta encore son ardeur à réparer ses torts. Rien ne m'arrêtera, me dit-il ; je périrai plutôt que de manquer à mes promesses ; j'arracherai cette reine不幸 à ses bourreaux, ou j'y périrai !"

The next day one of the popular journals—*L'Orateur du Peuple*—denounced Mirabeau as having been on a secret mission to St. Cloud, and insinuated that he had seen the queen. The Assembly investigated, but without success, for Mirabeau explained the excursion by his visit to his niece, and silenced accusation by the power of his lungs.

Here, then, was another hope. The king had let go Malesherbes and Turgot, those upright and able ministers who would have delivered his unhappy country from a frenzied revolution by a wise reform ; he had tightened his reins when he should have slackened, he had slackened when he should have tightened ; he had dropped them in the moment of difficulty when his hand was most needed to direct, and he was now thrown on his back at the heels of the unruly beast he was to guide ; but here a strong man had come to give him a helping hand and set him on his seat again, if he would

but have the courage to mount and stay there. He could not do it, and the opportunity was lost. Mirabeau made many schemes for him, all of which were contemplated in turn and none adopted.

This intrigue with Mirabeau was indeed one of the king's many great mistakes. As a secret agent working underhand, his operations were dark, dangerous, and inefficient. He should have been appointed the king's minister, and then openly serving him, he might by his commanding eloquence, his power, and his genius, have borne down opposition. In his present position he was distrusted by the popular side, while he had no honest support from the crown. It was a hopeless struggle, in the midst of which he died, leaving Louis as he had found him, clinging at the edge of a precipice to a few rotten shrubs by way of anchorage, feebly struggling to maintain his slippery hold, with a faint thought, unworthy to be called a hope, that the abyss was not really perhaps so deep as it was said to be. Unfortunate king!—the cause of much harm, but intending none. I cannot sympathize with M. Ternaux when he speaks of him as *le plus humain des Rois et le meilleur des hommes* ; for I think that the man who, either from cowardice or incapacity, forsakes the post he is appointed to defend, or gives up to the thief the treasure he is bound to guard, or lets drop the standard he is called upon to clutch even in the grasp of death, cannot be the best of men. However his penalty may exceed his fault, he must still be regarded as one who has failed in his duty.

Louis XVI. in his fall dragged with him a whole dynasty, and it was no necessary fall ; he might have recovered himself by an energetic effort, but his disposition was so apathetic, that in the very height of his difficulties, when his ministers spoke of the perils which encompassed him, they complained on leaving his presence that he had listened with as much indifference as if they had been gossiping about the remote affairs of the Emperor of China—they found it impossible to convince him of the emergency of his case. There he stood in his accustomed attitude of irresolution, rocking from one leg to the other, and favoring one view this day and another the next. His aspect, like his mind, was unkingly ; his manner was blunt ; and when he made a concession, he made it so clumsy

sily that it looked like an affront. His speech was abrupt even to the point of rudeness ; he was equally unskilful in command and in submission, and wherever he set his foot he stumbled. He was neither a great good man nor an able bad one, and it was his fate to be placed at the helm when the vessel of the State needed the best pilot.

A man strong, wise, just, and resolute, such as the prince whose loss England is now deplored, should have been there to guide that ship rightly, to know when to go with the tide and when to pull against it—or a cunning unscrupulous ruler, a prince such as Macchiavelli has described, might have shifted through the straits, might have hoisted and lowered his sails at the lucky moment, and have got through his own time securely, indifferent to what was to come after. But Louis had neither strength nor craft to meet his position as the heir to a throne stained with vice, as the king of a corrupt, venal, and sensual aristocracy, and of a fierce hungry people. From the moment when he and his wife, holding aloof for awhile from the throng of servile courtiers and fickle subjects, ever ready to fly from the death-bed of an extinct monarch to a new hope, and to press their homage upon a young sovereign—from that moment, when these two, kneeling side by side, with joined hands, dropped tears and prayed ; saying, “Oh, mon Dieu, protégez nous, nous sommes trop jeunes pour régner,” to the hour of his capture by the people he had loved, his desire had been to clear his throne from stain, his court from corruption, and to relieve all the sorrows of his subjects. With the help of a strong minister he might have done the work gradually and cautiously, with a temperate discretion, not giving way to the clamor of one or of another, but doing what it was right to do, and changing not with impulsive rapidity, but with sober determination, where change was necessary. Louis, however had not vigor to support a worthy minister ; he dismissed Turgot, although he sympathized with him, in compliance with the remonstrances of that blind, narrow-thoughted aristocratic party to whom any measure of reform seemed a crime ; after him came Maurepas, Necker, Calonne, Brienne, and Necker again ; then the summons of the States-General ; then a feeble opposition to the demand of a double vote for

the Tiers-Etat. The king opposed, hesitated, gave way, and thus opened the breach to the besiegers, who well knew how to enter it. Either consistent concession or resolute repression might have served, but feeble opposition could only irritate, and so it was that this great tempest gathered, that the States-General became the National Assembly, that an incapable ministry dropped the reins and let the Assembly seize them, that all the social relations of the country were changed by a rapid series of destructive decrees, that the Assembly itself was dominated by the populace, and that the king was left with nothing but his veto and the scorn of the nation. Sanctified though his memory may be by his piety and his great afflictions, and by his love for his queen and children, it is impossible to esteem such a king ; but not withholding the pity that he deserves, I turn with a deeper regret and with a fuller sorrow to contemplate the fate of that radiant generous queen who shared with him the highest and the lowest fortune—the throne, the prison, and the scaffold.

Marie Antoinette was only fifteen years old when she left the home of her imperial mother at Vienna, to become the bride of the Dauphin of France. She had an affectionate heart, and it was pained by the separation from her brothers and sisters ; she shed many tears then, not knowing that at a later day those natural tears would be charged against her as treasonable crimes. When she took leave of her own servants, who were to be exchanged for those of another country, she had a thousand messages of love, but they were interrupted by her sobs, for every member of her house. This was only a soft sorrow (unlike those she was afterwards to know), such as rains itself away, and with no dark presage of the future, but with a hopeful heart, she soon smiled again, and when she made her triumphal entry into Strasburg, saluting with winning courtesy the expectant crowd that thronged to see her, she appeared to them as an image of beauty without a rival. Troops of children in fancy costumes as shepherds and shepherdesses, strewed flowers in her path ; and she, not guessing how it was one day to be sown with thorns, brightly glanced her thanks. If a malignant spirit, a voice from hell, had then muttered in her ear what was afterwards to

come, what kind of crowd was at a later day to wait upon her thirsty for her blood, her honest heart would have repelled the fiend, and told him that he lied. Goethe, who was at that time a student at Strasburg, interested himself in all the preparations for the triumph of the royal bride. He was painfully struck by the subject which the tapestry hangings of the reception saloon represented. It was the history of Jason and Medea. Creusa in her death struggles, Medea in her fierce anguish; and he protested against the offence to taste and feeling which brought an image of terror and of death to confront a sensitive woman on such an occasion, and which might shape itself to her imagination as a horrible foreboding. But the foreboding was for the poet. The princess was happy. It was well—it was right that the future should be thickly veiled, and that her thought should bound joyfully and gratefully in answer to the loyal acclamations which greeted her wherever she moved. When she reached Paris, enthusiasm was at its height, and the old king was so fascinated by his young daughter-in-law, that M<sup>e</sup> du Barry felt jealous and feared a new influence. The dauphin's brothers were charmed, especially the Count d'Artois, who, handsome and accomplished, and distinguished, by a certain epigrammatic talent in conversation, knew how to please a woman, and won from Marie Antoinette a warm sisterly affection. The Duke of Orleans, too, for a time, left the bad company which his vicious nature led him to frequent for the enjoyment of her society. The grace of her pleasantry, the gentleness, joined to the dignity of her bearing, the sweetness and vivacity of her speech, the tenderness of her frank smile, lent something of enchantment to her presence, and the true goodness of her heart was felt in every accent and every look. But even now there was a dark spot behind the sunshine, a sadness in the splendor which surrounded this young princess. From the crowd of worshippers one man stood apart, while so many hearts opened at her smile, one was shut up. That one, whose affection was most important to her, upon whose tenderness her whole destiny was hung, turned from her with indifference, and the most captivating woman in Europe was a neglected bride. It was a dangerous position for such a woman—young, enthusiastic, and proud;

and if she had broken out into open resentment, and replied to coldness with disdain, I think that fault might have been forgiven her. The prince who received her so ungraciously was in most qualities inferior to herself: a dull, clumsy youth, without any attractions either of person or of speech; and yet he could pain her by his neglect. It was her first trial, and she bore it with the same courage which supported her in the after days of affliction; she defeated her sorrow by her resistance, and disappointed her humiliation by the smile with which she met it. It was true that on many occasions her favorite ladies found her at the end of a day's pleasure pouring out secret tears in the silence of her bed-chamber, but she never uttered any complaint or reproach, and so it presently happened that the dauphin, who had been insensible to her beauty, began to appreciate the charms of her disposition, and found himself attracted towards her by the playfulness of her humor, which is described by De la Marek, in a pretty untranslatable phrase, as the *douce malice de son esprit*. He positively fell in love with her against his will, and whatever the infirmities of Louis, his love was worth the winning, for it remained steadfast through good and through evil report, it stood firm against the shock of calumny, it was a strong shield in the dark hour of opprobrium.

In the total eclipse of fortune, when all other delights and hopes went down, this light of love remained, a healing, purifying influence which led a crushed heart to God.

Surely now, when Marie Antoinette was mistress of the throne of France and of her king's attachment, happiness had opened all its sources, and she had little to do but to draw her enjoyment from them. Pleasure was her business. To give great entertainments, to be charming, to dance, to go to the play, to invent new diversions, to direct new fashions, to supply to the throne in her own person the dignity and grace which the king's wanted; these were the most serious avocations of her life until she became a mother. It belonged neither to her position nor to her taste to interfere with politics at that time; her inclinations were not towards study or reflection, and her understanding was rather quick than profound; her judgment was penetrating,

but she took little pains to improve it by education, and she was seldom engaged long in any one pursuit. She found her enjoyment in society, and her happiness in friendship. Her warm heart was impelled to seek friends, and when they were found, to lavish favor and indulgence upon them. Two of them, the Princesse de Lamballe and the king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, were worthy of all her affection; but her choice was not always so wise, and her strong preferences, too little masked, gave rise to some of her troubles. She took a wonderful delight in the society of M<sup>e</sup> Jules de Polignac, she was constantly in her drawing-rooms; there she threw aside form to enjoy friendship, but she excited malignity and envy; and in contemplating the course of the Revolutionary history, it must never be forgotten that personal feeling was at the bottom of its most seditious movements. Patriotism directs a discreet reform; rancor, hatred, revenge, vanity, and envy stimulate a revolt.

Marie Antoinette, a foreigner in Paris, very young and of a frank, joyous, and incautious temper, needed a careful counselor, and had none. Her husband was quite unable to direct her, and she had to steer her way as best she might through the perplexities of a court loose in morals and rigid in etiquette, with no other help than that afforded by her sincerity of purpose and her eager desire to give pleasure and to do good. It was unlucky that M<sup>e</sup> de Polignac was not capable of supplying any assistance to her inexperience. The object of a regard which offended those on whom it was not equally bestowed, she did not appreciate its worth; unlike the Princesse de Lamballe, she valued less the tenderness of the woman than the favor of the queen; she took advantage of an enthusiastic generosity; she besieged Marie Antoinette with solicitations of office and place for friends and favorites of her own, regardless of the effect that these appointments might have upon the queen's reputation; and besides this, the society she invited her sovereign to meet was very ill chosen.

On one occasion Marie Antoinette remonstrated concerning the character of one of the guests. M<sup>e</sup> de Polignac replied that she could not banish her friends even for the sake of her majesty, and on this the queen

forsook the Polignac assemblies, though she still remained on friendly terms with the countess. She now frequently repaired to the salons of M<sup>e</sup> d'Ossun, one of her ladies in waiting whose entertainments were directed with more discretion; but from this circumstance arose irritation and discontent in the Polignac coterie, and among the unworthy aristocracy of which it was composed, whose gratitude and loyalty should have been proof against all assault, this little sting of mortification generated poisonous scandal; and licentious epigrams and lampoons, circulated first in this select company, gradually found their way into lower circles, and at last, in the time of general agitation, into the streets. A vile populace then insulted the queen with a distich invented by one of her own nobility in his jealous spite. Some of the most offensive missiles which were flung at her by blood-stained hands were furnished from the apartments of her favorite friend, and though I would not defend or extenuate the ferocity of the people, I affirm that theirs was the lesser guilt; for those who made the lie knew that it was a lie; those who first set the slander going, knew the virtues of the woman whose character they were traducing; and they wrote their epigrams one day, and knelt at the queen's feet on the next, with courtly grace, and with the fawning which looks to thrift. One of the most infamous of these aristocratic libels was written on the subject of a reel which the queen danced with the Marquis of Huntley; but it is enough to say that such things were. They have perished, as all lies must perish eventually, and I am not willing to revive their corrupt odor.

The French nobility were not true to themselves; their misfortunes are to be traced to their conduct; their frivolities and their profligacy were just subjects of animadversion, and they betrayed all their feebleness and selfishness as soon as the throne which they should have struggled to support was threatened. They thought of their own danger rather than of their king's, and they slipped away to other shores, by their emigration doing infinite damage to their country. They should have rallied round their sovereigns in that close and barbarous siege; they should have thrown themselves as a shield between their monarch and his assailants; they should have

made a rallying point for the cause of order ; they should have used their eloquence to rouse the good hearts left in France to a sense of justice ; but they preferred running away to breathe fury from distant shores in association with foreigners, thus irritating national pride, and stirring, not dominating, the passions of their infatuated countrymen. And I may mention here the fact that the Polignacs were among the first of the emigrants.

Marie Antoinette was worthy of much better associations. Placed as she was, her virtues became her misfortunes, for the generosity of her disposition freed her from suspicion, and the ready kindness of her heart was frequently abused. She has been blamed for the careless avowal of her sentiments, because she disliked the etiquettes of the French court, and gave way to her distaste, and because she gave offence to many rigid old ladies by setting aside tedious accustomed ceremonies, and allowed her lively perception of the ridiculous to appear upon occasions when prudence should have veiled it. The vices of a court are so far like the vices of a watering-place, that in both dangerous gossip and malevolence grow out of the idleness striving to be busy which belongs to a small assemblage of people perpetually meeting without any especial pursuit ; but the consequences of the intrigues of a palace are graver, as they deal with more eminent characters, and trouble more important interests.

In an unguarded moment Marie Antoinette gave offence (and the offence was never forgotten) to a man whose personal aversion, as much as any other cause, affected her subsequent destiny. This man was the General La Fayette. He was the chief coxcomb (and there were many coxcombs among them) of the Revolutionists. He was conceited, ambitious, pedantic, and above all, personally vain ; nature had not given him the endowments that he coveted ; he was generally awkward, a bad rider, a bad dancer ; tall, thin, and red-headed ; and he struggled unsuccessfully to be like his brother-in-law, the Due de Noailles, who had most of the graces and faults of fashionable society. Once, at a convivial supper, La Fayette, who was not fond of drinking, but who was anxious to do all that Noailles did, strove so hard, and to so much

purpose, to rival him in his potations, that he was finally carried home in a state of intoxication, with only just enough strength and sense left to call out at intervals, "N'oubliez pas de dire à Noailles comme j'ai bien bu !"

It was through the influence of this same Noailles that he obtained permission to dance in one of the queen's quadrilles, where it was her delight to assemble all that was most choice in the youth, beauty, and nobility of Paris ; but his appearance there was not a happy one. I give the account of it in the words of the Count de la March :

" La Reine prenait grand plaisir à danser dans les quadrilles arrangés, elle admettait les jeunes gens qui brillaient le plus à la cour, et cette faveur était très recherchée. M. de La Fayette fut admis dans un de ces quadrilles, mais il s'y montra si maladroit que la Reine ne put s'empêcher d'en rire, les courtisans ne manquèrent pas de la seconder dans cette occasion."

Where were these courtiers when, on the day after the flight, intercepted at Varennes, the queen stood in her palace by the side of La Fayette, and saw in him her gaoler ? Did he retain the sting of that light laugh in his heart when he doubled the guard at the Tuileries, and established spies in every apartment, not conceding any mercy even to the modesty of the queen his prisoner, but stationing one of his sentinels so as to command a view of her bed ? His position was then one of triumph, but he lived to regret it, and even on that day the dignity of the queen's personal bearing deprived him of a portion of his enjoyment. The proud submission of her manner disturbed him when she offered him the keys of her private bureau and wardrobe, and he declined to accept them ; she persisted, and placed them on the brim of his hat ; he put them back in their place with the studied civility which he always assumed towards her ; by her proceeding she sought to extort from him the confession that he was her gaoler, and he knew well that he was so, but he did not choose openly to avow it.

If Marie Antoinette's vivacity of disposition led her sometimes to imprudence, her quick thought and her promptitude of action at others saved her dignity in difficult situations. A pretty anecdote in illustration of

this is to be found in Madame d'Oberkirch's *Memoirs*.

"M. de Lauzun," says Madame d'Oberkirch, "was deeply enamored of the queen; her majesty could not endure him. He had the effrontery to assume the queen's livery and follow her all day as a lackey, and even spent the night crouched at the door of her apartment. The queen did not even recognize him; he was in despair, when, fortunately, an opportunity offered of making himself more conspicuous. Her majesty was to drive from Trianon, and at the moment she approached her carriage, he bent his knee to the ground, that she might tread upon it instead of taking the usual step. Her majesty, surprised, now looked at him for the first time, but like a woman of tact and good sense, as she was, she feigned not to know him, and calling a page, she said, 'Let that man be dismissed; he is very awkward, he does not even know how to open a carriage-door.'"

This was an impertinence well and properly disposed of, and yet it may be easily understood how such a story circulating through the bad Parisian atmosphere, might collect offensive matter as it passed, which would wholly change its constitution.

The fact of the duke's actual attendance on the queen, and of the night passed by him at her chamber-door, would be the incidents to excite wonder and to engross comment, while those of her failing to recognize him in the first instance, and of her dismissal of him at the very instant of recognition, might be altogether dropped. It was the fashion among the French aristocracy at that time to be deliriously in love with the queen, as it was the fashion at a later date among another class to look upon her with frantic hatred; the one was a consequence of the other; and while devotion, admiration, and hopeless passion exhausted themselves in sighs and couplets, breathed as incense about her throne, envy, the black shadow cast by love, was darkening all the way before her.

"For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."

And detraction was busy with her great name. She did not know it. She appreciated the homage as women do; and her heart was too much occupied with happy affections to admit distrust.

Her most passionate enthusiasm was for the Princesse de Lamballe. When adversity came, it drew these friends closer together, and when too many were found to fly for their personal safety, the princess clung close. She left the home of her father-in-law at Vernon for almost certain death in Paris, on the news of her queen's danger, and when her murderers forced a wretched barber, sickening at the task, to dress and decorate the soiled hair of that beautiful bleeding head, in order that their ironical cruelty might parade it on the point of a pike before the queen's prison windows, still bearing in its mutilation the semblance of the festive scenes where the two used to be happy when they met, there was found hidden among its tresses a letter from the queen to her friend, very earnestly and pathetically imploring her to run no risk, but to stay away in a happier place.

The princess died a horrible death by disobeying this injunction, but it was better so to die, in such a cause, than to live any length of life. The urgency with which Marie Antoinette, throughout all her calamities, sought to shield her from her own perils, was one of the most noble of the many noble points of her character, and in justice to M<sup>e</sup> de Polignac, whose conduct contrasts so unfavorably with that of M<sup>e</sup> de Lamballe, it should be told that the queen approved of her desertion.

Among the many who watched the queen in her glory with sour distaste, there was one whose intellect should have opened her heart to better influences; Manon Philion was the same age as Marie Antoinette, she was the daughter of an obscure engraver in Paris. She grew up with great endowments of understanding, and she was the prodigy of her family. She was not slow to perceive in herself the merits which surprised others. She was fond of considering and investigating her own attributes. She had a very large share of self-love, so that not only those qualities which really distinguished her, but such as were common to all human beings, and even the most insignificant and basest actions of life, appeared to her exalted by association with her own person, so as to become worthy of minute examination and careful record.

She discerned her genius as something superior to the sphere in which she moved,

and she could not see why, with her uncommon capacity, her ready gift of speech, and her personal attractions, her position should not be something greater than it was. A connection of her family who had a friend holding some employment about the court, took the father and mother and little girl for a few days on a visit to Versailles, by way of giving them, and especially the child, a great treat. Here, from the attics of the palace, they were introduced to some of its splendors, and they saw the stately gardens and the beautiful women who walked among beautiful statues, passing pleasant hours without misgiving. Manon's parents were content to admire and praise, but Manon's own heart, young as it was, rankled with corroding gall, and she said to her mother, as they walked down one of the majestic avenues, long and broad,—

“Take me away; oh! do take me away. I love the statues, but I *hate* the living people.”

The only reason for hatred was a sense of inferiority; and a small, feebly twinkling distant planet might hate the sun, and yearn to eclipse his light, as this young citizen hated the queen. The hands of both king and queen were open to gentle charity, were loaded with immunities. At her first coming the queen, on her own impulse, had sacrificed a considerable portion of her private funds for the relief of those who had suffered by the accidental destruction of their houses on the day of her marriage ceremony; and from that day to the day of her death, whenever distress came within her notice she was eager to relieve it. Her beauty owed more than half of its charm to the kind heart which made her smile so captivating; but she sat on a throne—she moved in state—she had subjects and worshippers—she went in a magnificent carriage in long regal procession to thank God for the birth of her child; and that finely shaped head, acknowledging by its gracious movement (this singular grace betrayed her afterwards at Varennes (the acclamations of an admiring, fickle crowd, was circled by a crown. Manon Philpon looked on, and wondered and detested. Why should there be such a woman as Marie Antoinette to affront her own low station? or why should she not be such a woman? She read Plutarch, dreamt of republics, and imagined a scheme of

equality in which the daughter of the engraver should be a greater being than the daughter of the empress—for this is the secret thought of every soul aspiring after equality. When all is equal, then *I* shall be superior. The age in which Manon lived was big with prodigies. There was no event too monstrous or too miraculous then to be brought forth—there was no vision too strange for fulfilment; and the passionate dream of her heart became a truth. She was married to a man whose position enabled him to assist in carrying out her views; and they were carried out to the farthest limit of her hope. As Madame Roland, the wife of the pedantic, small-minded Girondin, whom the force of circumstances and the feebleness of the men of that time promoted to the king's Cabinet, she tasted all the triumph of a usurped royalty. In her own ascendancy, she felt the full delight of treading down the legitimate monarchs. She relished the heaped-up agonies of their complete abasement, while she applauded in herself the Majesty of Equality. At her house was planned the famous attack on the Tuilleries of the 20th of June, 1792 (under the disguise of a petitioning deputation), for the intimidation of the king, when a fierce armed multitude invaded the palace with threat and insult—when the king stood at bay during five hours of calm endurance against the pikes and sabres of forty thousand ruffians—when his intrepid consort in another apartment faced a similar host, pale but erect, protecting her children; her fair, delicate son, then seven years old, Dauphin of France, sat upon the table which was the only barrier between his mother and the savage populace. They forced upon his head the red cap, the sign of carnage, which his father, too, had been compelled to wear. It was too hot and heavy for the child's head, and the queen watched in silent anguish the drops of sweat which gathered on his brow, and sought to remove them with her soft hand. Santerre—the same Santerre who headed the revolt of the 6th of October—saw the mother's pain, and was struck with a movement of compassion. He ordered the cap to be taken off the young boy's head, and for this action he received a grateful glance from the queen. He approached her, and muttered some words that sounded like an apology, and

used his utmost efforts to relieve her from the presence of that monstrous army of the faubourgs, of which he was the virtual commander. But the evening was far advanced before their dispersion was effected, and when the king and queen were reunited after these long hours of suffering, Marie Antoinette fell down exhausted at her husband's feet. Before the turbulent mob, armed with murderous weapons, and blasphemous speech, and roaring for her life as wild beasts roar for their food, she had borne herself as a great majesty, and had met insult with the dignity of fortitude; but now nature would have its way—now, when she tightly clasped her husband's knees, as if in dread of such another parting, her long pent-up anguish told its true history in bitter cries. The king lifted her up, and held her against his heart. Poor man! He wept: "Ah, madame!" he said, "pourquoi faut il que je vous aie arrachée à votre patrie pour vous exposer à l'ignominie d'un pareil jour?" M. Merlin a deputy of the Assembly (and not a humane one), who was present, shed tears at this sight. "Vous pleurez, monsieur!" said the queen. "Oui, madame," he replied, "je pleure sur les malheurs de la femme, de l'épouse, de la mère. Mais mon attendrissement ne va pas plus loin; je hais les Rois et les Reines."

On the whole, this insurrection did not answer the expectations of the Girondins. The king had shown a courage which had never before been attributed to him, and whispers went abroad of the pale beauty of the queen; for in that fierce rabble some hearts knew the throbings of a mother's love, and their instincts taught them sympathy. There was a reaction among the multitude in favor of their sovereigns which alarmed those who had set on the attack; but Madame Roland's resolute mind understood triumph better than fear, and she said, as she sucked up greedily all the details of Marie Antoinette's protracted torture— "Que j'aurais voulu voir sa longue humiliation et combien son orgueil a du souffrir."

I do not know anything much more cruel than this enjoyment of Madame Roland. It is only the heavy penalty she paid for it that has saved her from universal condemnation. But posterity, whatever her misfortunes, cannot absolve her from the guilt of an unrelenting, unjust, and pitiless heart.

It is a grief to find such a heart hidden under an external feminine grace; and Madame Roland's inhumanity stands out as a blot upon her sex. There was another famous furious woman in Paris at that time, of a lower grade, and impelled by different motives, but whose actions led to the same end. This was the handsome, half-mad, half-eloquent, Mdlle. de Theroigne. Her life was licentious, and her nature was fierce. The misfortune of her youth had depraved her character. In her early girlhood, a young nobleman had seduced her, and left her without comfort or hope to the harsh resentment of her family, an object of contempt, withered and soiled in the opening blossom of her days. So wronged and so wretched, she plunged into total degradation, and she became professionally vicious. Her heart grew hard in her evil courses, and the fever of revenge stirred in her blood. The tumult of the Revolution, the reversal of the whole structure of society, the general work of ruin, offered a distraction to her thoughts, while the promise of revenge upon the whole race of aristocrats gave a new motive to her life. It was well to degrade a virtue such as she had lost, and to offend a modesty such as she had forfeited. It was a solace to hear the queen insulted, and to say of her, "She is only such another as I am." To imagine such an equality in vice was a consolation, and to make an equality in suffering was a hope. She was a fit instrument for the bad service of a bad cause; and she was prominent in the later days of the Revolution in every scene of horror—her feet forever in a pool of blood. She held the knife of torture at the September massacres. She was busy at the Abbaye in tearing piece-meal with red-hot pincers the living flesh of a young beautiful girl nailed to a stake to undergo the penalty of having an aristocratic lover. She was deaf to pity; her heart acknowledged only one delight, that of murder. She was the idol of the mob, whom she knew how to harangue with her loud delirious eloquence; and she was the leader of bands of women not less ferocious than herself, who stormed Versailles and the Tuilleries, and hurled at a noble queen the vile epithets of their own vile trade. She was a fit agent for such a man as Marat; but not only Marat welcomed her service; and from the days of the 5th and 6th of October

she was a powerful officer in the march of revolt. It was not till after the fall of the Girondins that she fell; not till Paris had grown giddy with the sight of blood, and knew no longer whose to demand—not till each party had fallen victim to the other—not till she had met again the man who first betrayed her, and he had basely begged of her a shelter from pursuit, and she had savagely denied it, and he had perished among the victims of September—not till she was steeped soul and body in the blood of the innocent—not till she had led troops of young children to dance in triumph round the agonies of the slowly dying—not till she had presided at the infliction of the last outrages on pious nuns and gentle novices,—did her own dark day of retribution come, when a troop of furies, whose malignity hers had so often quickened to its work, dragged her from her carriage, objecting—with some show of justice, I think—to that sign of inequality and luxury, stripped her of all her clothes, and flogged her in her nakedness on the great public walk of the Tuilleries Gardens. After this treatment, which, horrible as it was, fell short of the barbarities so often inflicted by her hand, her frenzy became insanity, and she passed the rest of her life within the walls of a mad-house.

On the whole, no doubt, women are more impulsive, less reasonable, easier to excite, more frequently swayed by personal partialities, narrow jealousies, and irritated self-love, than men; for this reason, whether the fact be due to the weakness of their nature or the inferiority of their education, they are less fitted to take part in public life. Their partial views fit them ill for a just regard to the general welfare; and the great influence they have exercised over the politics of France has been a misfortune to that country. If in the ferment of the State their voice be ever heard, it should be in the soft appeal for mercy, never in the cry for vengeance. For nature is forced, her whole system is subverted, when the gentle pity of a woman is cast off, and then feebleness becomes unrestrained fury. But in the general intoxication of the French Revolution, not women alone were acted upon in the most important matters by petty rancor, mean personal affronts, and a base vanity; few of the men of the Girondin party had much better motives; and the most con-

spicuous among the Revolutionists by his name and title, was, in the beginning of the movement, alienated from the court by resentments of a very puerile description. This was the Duke of Orleans, who, at the queen's first introduction to the French court, rivalled the Count d'Artois, as I have already said, in the devotion he paid to her. An offence, quite unintentional on her part, turned his regard to anger. In the year 1775, the young Archduke Maximilian of Austria, then fourteen years of age, Marie Antoinette's brother, arrived at Paris, travelling *incognito*, under the title of Count of Burgau. Marie Antoinette, who had seen none of her own family since her departure from Vienna, welcomed him with a transport of joy. She could hardly bear his absence for a moment, as if fearing to lose him quite; and the first days succeeding his arrival were passed by him at Versailles almost exclusively in his sister's company.

These hours of domestic pure delight were stolen from the throne and its ceremonials. They seemed innocent, but they gave umbrage. The queen, young and inexperienced, was not aware of the etiquette of the French court, which required that the archduke should pay the first visit to the French princes of the blood. The princes, finding that he did not pay them this expected compliment, translated his ignorance into a voluntary act of contempt, and imputed it to the inordinate pretensions of the house of Austria. The archduke, they said, was bent on receiving the first visit, but his pride should not be gratified; and they held themselves aloof, as if unconscious of his existence. It was now the queen's turn to feel aggrieved. She had thought that these princes would be eager to show respect and kindness to her brother. She had imagined them presiding over entertainments in his honor, and rivalling each other in efforts to please him. She expressed to the Count de la Marck her astonishment at their coldness, "Elle se montra surtout peinée," says La Marck, "de ce que M. le Duc de Chartres (Orléans Égalité), qu'elle avait toujours si bien traité jusque là, ne fit aucune politesse à son frère."

Unluckily the count, also an Austrian by birth, was not better instructed in court etiquette than the queen herself. He saw her distressed, and his sympathy went with her.

The day after this interview he requested another, in order to communicate to her an idea which suggested itself to him. He proposed to invite the most distinguished of the young French nobility to give a banquet to the archduke, at which the Count d'Artois should preside. The queen was gratified, and the thing was done. It was a blunder. This entertainment added to the offence of those already too much offended; and the Duke of Orleans, who of all the princes had felt most stung by the supposed slight, was now provoked to serious resentment. On the other hand, the queen, never good at dissembling, betrayed her displeasure with him at her subsequent receptions; and, as it generally happens in misunderstandings of this kind, her altered manner reacted upon him; and, says De la Marck, "On le vit constamment depuis cette époque saisir avec empressement toutes les occasions de blâmer les démarches de la Reine."

The queen was too indifferent to the damage that the anger of such a man might do her; and the king, naturally discourteous, was especially cold to this cousin of his; for he was offended by his affectations of Anglicism, and by the immorality of his life. A little flattery and promotion would have secured his adherence; but instead of that, the duke's self-love was wounded on every possible occasion by the court, till the irritation of his feeble character became an itching irresistible impulse to revenge. He was not a strong man in any way: his capacity was narrow, his conversation was trivial, his thoughts were low; but unhappily it is easier to work evil than good: and a powerful instrument for harm may be constructed out of a seemingly insignificant tool. The duke might well appear an inefficient support; but the throne was in that staggering condition when the removal of any the smallest prop was dangerous, and when one more blow struck at it might be fatal.

When the duke in his first offence gave way to his sullen humor by encouraging lampoons, and propagating shameless slanders against the queen, whom he had once held dear, he would no doubt have shuddered at the intimation of those sufferings with which he afterwards assisted to load her weary life. It would have been impossible to him then to think that he would one day look out from his palace window to applaud the

ghastly procession, of which Lamballe's murder was the triumph, as it moved on from its wicked work in front of the queen's prison; or then to believe that he would one day mount the steps of the Revolutionary tribunal to vote for the execution—the summary execution (pronouncing even against the requested respite of three days)—of the king, his cousin. But he came to this: throwing himself into the arms of the Republican party, they bent him to their own uses. They disliked and despised him, but they saw good policy in retaining him on their side, and they kept him till his service was ended, and then cut off his head. And so his base life came to a base conclusion. But his progress in crime was not without interruption. There was a moment of halt after the capture of the royal family at Varennes, when his heart was open to their affliction; and on his return from his mysterious mission in England, it was with the intention of reconciling himself to the king that he repaired to the Tuilleries. Here the king was ready to receive him with cordiality, for his nature was forgiving, but, with his usual indolence, he omitted to give any instructions to his officers and attendants; and they, exasperated by the wrongs of their master, and regarding Orleans as one of his worst enemies, rashly insulted him. They greeted him with loud contempt, hissing, and even spitting at him. His ill blood was stirred: the old sore bled again. He did not pause for question—he did not penetrate to the king's presence—but turned his back upon the palace forever, to enter the Jacobin Club, and thenceforth to join in every excess of the Jacobin party.

Some very interesting details relating to the position of the Duke of Orleans at this period are given in the memoir, published in the year 1859, of Mrs. Dalrymple Elliot. She was one of the most beautiful women in Paris at this time (her beauty has been immortalized by Gainsborough), and she was an English woman; but her life was not so fair as her face; evil influences at an early age led her into the ways of corruption; and she was one of the many mistresses of this Duke of Orleans. She had, however, redeeming virtues. She had great compassion and courage, and during the Reign of Terror her life was frequently risked voluntarily in the effort to deliver wretched victims from death. Her narrative is valuable, simple, unaffected, genuine, and hardly so well known as it deserves to be. The extract which follows here gives a curious painful

picture of the duke's position at the close of the great tragedy.

"17th January, '93.—I had seen little of the Duke of Orleans for some time. On my asking him what he now thought of the wicked trial which was going on, and saying that I hoped he did not go near such vile miscreants, he replied that he was obliged to go, as he was a deputy. I could not help saying, 'I hope, monseigneur, that you will vote for the king's deliverance?' 'Certainly,' he answered, 'and for my own death.' I said, 'Monseigneur, you will not go to the convention on Saturday; pray don't.' He said, 'that he certainly would not go; that he never had intended to go,' and he gave me his sacred word of honor, that though he thought the king had been guilty by forfeiting his word to the nation, yet nothing should induce him, being his relation, to vote against him. . . . On the Saturday, at about ten o'clock, the sad and fatal list arrived with the king's condemnation, and with the Duke of Orleans' dishonor. I never felt such horror for any one in my life, as I did at that moment at the duke's conduct. We were all in deep affliction, even poor Biron, who was a Republican, was almost in a fit. A young man who was the duke's aide-de-camp, tore off his coat and flung it in the fire, saying that he should blush ever to wear it again. . . . Every place seemed dreary and bloody to me. I could not sleep. The image of the innocent king was constantly before me. Till that moment I had always flattered myself that the Duke of Orleans was misled. Now, all illusion was over. I even threw the things he had given me, which I had in my pockets, and in my room, out of it, not daring to stay near anything that had been his."

Six weeks after this event, Mrs. Elliot was seriously ill: agitation of mind was the cause of her illness. The Duke of Orleans sent her a letter, entreating her to see him when she was well, saying that all the world had given him up, and that his unhappy situation might make her forgive him, if she thought he had done wrong. She consented to see him.

"He was dressed in deep mourning, looked embarrassed, and very grave. I was nearly fainting, and he made me sit down, and himself gave me a glass of water. 'You look ill,' he said; 'but I hope you are quite recovered from your cold.' I told him that his black coat made me remember terrible events, and that I supposed he was, as I was, in mourning for the king. On this he forced a smile, and said, 'Oh, no; I am in mourning for the Duc de Penthievre, my father-in-law.' 'I suppose,' I said, 'that the king's death has hastened this, or perhaps the man-

ner of his cruel trial, and your having voted for his death.' Here I burst into tears, and said, 'I dare say that he died broken-hearted, and so shall I; but you, monseigneur, will die, like the poor king, on the scaffold.' 'Good God!' said he, 'what a situation you are in! I am sure I should not have made you come here, had I had an idea of all this. The king has been tried, and he is no more. I could not prevent his death.'

"I then replied, 'But you promised that you would not vote.' On this he got up, observing, 'This is an unpleasant subject. You cannot, must not, judge for me. I know my own situation; I could not avoid doing what I have done. I am perhaps more to be pitied than you can form an idea of. I am more a slave of faction than anybody in France, but from this instant let us drop the subject. Things are at their worst.'

This picture drawn by the hand of a simple woman, seems to me worthy of the greatest masters of art; and in the pages of Scott, or even of Shakspeare, it would be difficult to find a better delineation of the veiled remorse and secret struggles of a cowardly nature wading in guilt, than in this quiet narration of a dialogue which actually took place. Louis Philippe, Duc de Chartres, sometimes called Young Egalité (but he never deserved so bad a name), had just left France with General Dumouriez, when Mrs. Dalrymple held her last interview with Philippe Egalité. He was then no longer even nominally a free agent, and arrived at her house under the superintendence of two gendarmes. He took from his pocket a letter written by the young duke on the eve of his departure, expressing just indignation against his father for the course he had taken at the king's trial. This letter the vindictive Egalité never could forgive, and he burnt it in Mrs. Elliot's presence, saying that he owed to his son's emigration with Dumouriez the unwelcome company he was in. Not long after this he was led to the scaffold, as Mrs. Elliot had predicted, an object of universal scorn. His vengeance had brought him no peace, his sacrifice for popularity had brought him no profit; his vote for the king's death had been heard with horror. And when he had made his great renunciation, and forfeited for his here his hereafter, and staked his conscience for his paltry life, he had perceived, by the muttered groans and averted looks of his audience, that he had not obtained the favor he sought for. Even the most ruthless of his associates recoiled from this treason of the blood, and at his last hour he saw himself unhonored, unpitied, unlamented; rejected by every faction in France, and execrated by all mankind.

From The Economist, 10 May.

### THE INDEBTEDNESS OF NATIONS.

THERE never was a time at which a general survey of the financial condition of foreign States was so important as it is now. Many of them are endeavoring to borrow money of us, and those who think of lending should begin by studying. Our money-market is in a state of exceptional, peculiar, and so to speak, lamentable wealth. The cessation of the American trade has set free much capital which would otherwise have been beneficially and profitably employed: we have for the moment a singular surplus of disposable funds, of which it is reasonable to suppose that needy governments will take advantage. But this is not the sole peculiarity of our present position: the principal one remains, and it this—*all great governments now-a-days are needy.* There is scarcely a single first-class power (England alone excepted) which can show a balance sheet with healthy equilibrium between expenditure and income—which is not now, or has not been lately, encumbered with large deficits—which has not lately been a large borrower, or is not likely to become so soon.

But the effect on the money-markets of Lombard Street and Paris is in comparison a trivial matter. The true point of inestimable importance is the perpetual absorption of immense hoards of capital in expenditure which is not reproductive. It *may* be necessary; that is a large question which no parenthesis will decide. But the indisputable fact remains, that the expenditure of a government is not *creative*; it makes nothing, and every sixpence which it spends is so much abstracted from the *making* power of the people. At no period of diffused peace, perhaps, has this abstraction of capital ever been so much in excess of the regular revenue—of the ordinary incomings of the different nations of the world as it is now.

We will prove these assertions in detail, and as briefly and concisely as we can; for when figures *will* speak, they speak better in money matters than anything else. Our figures will, in every case in which we do not state the contrary, be taken from the authoritative documents of foreign governments, or from the reports to this country

of our embassies abroad, published *officially* by our Board of Trade.\*

The first country by just and traditional right of power is France, and it is not the last according to the scale of financial perplexity. We have very good materials for dealing with it in a concise form, for our Secretary of Legation at Paris has just forwarded the precise facts of the last few years to our Government, and the Board of Trade has most properly published them. They are as follows:—

	Income of France.	Expenditure of France (Ordinary and extraordinary.)
1851	£50,920,000	£53,440,000
1852	53,440,000	60,520,000
1853	55,640,000	61,920,000
1854	56,720,000	79,520,000
1855	61,440,000	93,960,000
1856	65,520,000	87,840,000
1857	67,320,000	75,720,000
1858	69,920,000	74,360,000
1859	69,120,000	88,320,000
1860	69,640,000	85,920,000

619,680,000      - - - 768,520,000  
Av. of ten yrs. 61,968,000      - - - 76,852,000  
showing an annual average deficit of fifteen millions in France for ten years. No doubt several of these were years of war, but that is no exculpation. It does not cover the facts. *There never is a surplus.* The revenue *never* exceeds the expenditure. In the most favorable year of peace there is a deficit of several millions. In the year 1858, which was not affected either by the Crimean war or by the Italian war, and in which the revenue of France was greater than it had ever been before or since, the account stood:—

Expenditure	- - - - -	£74,360,000
Revenue,	- - - - -	69,920,000

Deficit - - - - - 4,440,000  
showing an invariable condition of extreme poverty, entirely unworthy of so great a nation.

But the deficit of a single year does not represent the whole result of these figures. The whole result is the entire deficit

Between 1851 and 1860 (both inclusive) the expenditure of France has amounted to - - - - - £768,520,000  
The revenue amounted to - - - - - 619,680,000

Aggregate deficit, - 148,840,000

\* We have in all cases, however, given the figures in English money. Our authorities are generally in foreign money.

This immense sum has been withdrawn by France alone in ten years from the capital of the world.

The increase of her funded debt tells precisely the same tale in another language:—

## FUNDED DEBT OF FRANCE.

Years.	No. of Inscriptions of rents.	Nominal capital of the debt.	Yearly charge.
1852	810,901	£220,647,784	£9,572,180
1853	725,190	223,100,183	8,797,179
1854	785,243	226,786,200	8,907,449
1855	835,157	243,915,114	9,449,710
1856	1,020,338	302,321,632	11,386,740
1857	1,028,284	321,279,698	11,963,969
1858	1,008,682	336,883,871	12,435,238
1859	937,711	343,731,526	12,639,745
1860	1,073,801	373,360,480	13,846,745
1861	988,465	388,731,076	13,995,486

showing an increase of one hundred and sixty-eight millions sterling in the capital of the debt between 1852 and 1861. There is the £40,000,000 of floating debt besides this; and with these appalling facts before him, who can wonder that the emperor appointed M. Fould,—who can wonder that he gave more checking power to the representatives of the people,—who can wonder at any financial *coup d'état*, however daring and however extreme?

But France is a country with immense financial advantages. She is *indestructible*; her governments may change and have changed, but *she* will remain; *she* will be, from the advantage of her geographical position and by the skill and valor of her people, during many centuries, an incalculable power in Europe. Under former revolutions her debt has been safe,—for her new rulers have felt that if they repudiated the obligation of former rulers they would get nothing for themselves. But Austria is destructible. If she were to break up, no one can say what would become of her debt. She is an *et cetera* country of many various parts; and in case of her division into constituent elements, who would do the needful “rule of three sum” for the division of the debt,—who would arrange the division of the burden or the apportionment of the obligation? Yet even if Austria were a unit which could never be decomposed, her finance would be alarming. The following table shows all which is most material:—

AUSTRIA.			
	Revenue.	Expenditure	
1857	£29,800,000	£34,000,000	
1858	28,300,000	31,900,000	
1859	27,300,000	51,700,000	
1860	30,100,000	36,600,000	
	4)115,500,000	154,200,000	
Average	28,875,000	38,550,000	

The effect of these deficits on the public debt cannot be officially shown. Before 1860 the Austrian debt was very difficult to specify. In that year a commission reported on it, and found that it consisted of “one hundred and one kinds of securities, bearing sixteen different rates of interest, and moreover of one hundred and ninety-seven subdivisions of bonds.” A foreigner must be cautious in speaking of such debts except when he is quoting from official documents actually before him, and when he is sure that such documents are all made out on the same principle. On the 30th April, 1860, the commissioners reported the debt to be as follows:—

Ordinary debt in various forms	- £226,900,000
Debt for the redemption of feudal charges on land,	- - - - - 50,600,000
Lombardo-Venetian debt	- - - - - 6,900,000
	284,400,000

For the year 1861 we cannot give the precise figures of revenue and expenditure, but we know that the Minister of Finance on the 17th Jan., 1862, after the year was concluded, informed the Reichsrath that the deficit would be £10,900,000. We have, therefore, the following table of

AUSTRIAN DEFICITS.	
1857	- £4,200,000
1858	- 3,600,000
1859	- 24,400,000
1860	- 6,500,000
1861	- 10,900,000
	49,600,000

Here, again, there never is a surplus: in years of peace, even in 1858, when Austria still held Lombardy, a profitable pecuniary possession, there is a deficit of several millions. Even if the Austrian Empire were an *indestructible* unit, such finance would be terrible; and how much more terrible is it

when that empire is a miscellaneous aggregate and dissolvable compound?

To this has since been added:—

Loan of 1861, five years	£3,000,000
Issue of "kreutzer" notes	1,200,000
Portion of the loan of 1860 actually issued	7,000,000
	11,200,000

and doubtless many floating liabilities also. That Austria will borrow of the world all that the world will lend her, these figures evidently prove.

In every respect but one, Austria and Italy are unlike. One is an old country, heterogeneous in its composition, with provinces speaking many languages and nations claiming various pedigrees; the other is a new country, with one people and one language, of which unity is not the casual accident, but the inseparable principle,—which has almost alone in history voluntarily united in consequence of its unity of sentiment. Yet Italy must be added to the list of countries whose finance is likely to press on the money-market for a time. It is very natural that it should do so. She has annexed Naples, which has caused expensive troubles; she is near Austria, which requires a costly barrier; she must resist and vanquish Rome and the robber brigade whom the pope harbors and supports, be the outlay what it may. Still, last year's finance was not pleasing to the mere arithmetician. The following are the figures:—

#### ITALY.

	Anticipated Revenue and Expenditure, without the Neapolitan Prov.	Real Revenue and Expenditure, with the Neapolitan Prov.
1861.	1861.	1861.
Ordinary rev.	£13,707,164	£18,262,728
Extraordinary rev.	703,250	1,372,072
Total	14,410,414	19,634,800
Ordinary expen.	19,718,939	24,518,444
Extra'y expen.	5,386,881	7,687,230
Total	25,105,820	32,205,674

showing the untoward state of the country more clearly than any language could do; showing how heavy and how incalculable a burden the detestable machinations of her enemies impose upon her. Fortunately, her present debt is small for her resources. It is—

Old Provinces	- - - - -	£46,398,823
Lombardy	- - - - -	5,816,519
Emilia	- - - - -	1,680,000
Tuscany	- - - - -	8,360,000
Naples and Sicily	- - - - -	22,000,000
Total	- - - - -	84,255,342

and some addition to this might easily be borne. Fortunately, too, we know that a free-trade policy will be added in Italy to every other kind of liberty, and this must produce its constant effects,—a profitable industry and a prolific revenue. Still, these remedial agencies require time for their action. For the present, Italy is a power which will probably draw upon the spare capital of the world at large.

Of Russia we spoke so recently that we need not speak at length again. We have not any proper and sufficient account of her revenue and her expenditure during the last few years. We know that she has had deficits, but we cannot state their amount with accuracy. She would have obtained her late loan better, probably, if she had given us a neat, compendious, and authoritative statement of the whole subject. We know, however, that she expects a deficit of more than three millions this year; we know that her internal reforms are costing her much; we know that her large military outlay is costing her much also, though less, probably, than under the *régime* of the Emperor Nicholas; and from these facts we may assume that she will want money. If she is unfavorably judged because the true facts are not known, she must not complain, for she herself withholds from us those facts.

Some figures published by M. Ogareff in his recent book have rather a contrary appearance. In 1859, we lately stated on the authority of official figures published by our Government, that the funded debt of Russia was £81,698,102. M. Ogareff tells us that the debt was in

1860	- - - - -	£87,876,920*
1861	- - - - -	82,410,010

showing a payment of debt during the last year; but until we know by official statement the consecutive truth, we are unwilling to assign more than a moderate importance

\* These figures will not exactly correspond with M. Ogareff's, as he has adopted a different rate of exchange. We have used 8s. 2d. per rouble, as the Board of Trade has used it.

to isolated facts. There can be no doubt that the resources of Russia are abundant; there is no doubt that she must for ages be a great, powerful, and influential country; but we see that she is borrowing in the money-market, and she is likely to do so again. M. Ogareff says, what is in the main well known, that the note circulation has increased very rapidly, and the specie diminished *at the same time*.

Note Circulation of Russia.		Specie.
In 1856	£53,450,553	£18,475,582
Feb. 1862	106,526,443	12,336,705

The circulation has thus doubled, while the specie has been diminished one-third. As the Government is liable to pay this paper, the increase of its liabilities and the diminution of its available resources is very likely to bring it into the money-market.

Of Turkey, the old antagonist of Russia, we have much better information, though her credit is of an order so much inferior. Because of that inferiority our information is better. Turkey would not have got a sixpence if certain English commissioners had not looked into this subject, and their report is before us. Mr. Gladstone laughingly said that the Budget of the Ottoman Empire was the only one of which he knew with a surplus. But even in this case it is a surplus with an "explanation." There will only be a surplus on an hypothesis: *if* certain reforms are carried out and nothing unexpected happens, then there will be a surplus, but in any other event, not. The past is not so pleasant.

The expenditure of 1859-1860 was	£11,088,000
The revenue was	9,711,000
Deficit of 1859-1860	1,377,000
— 1860-1861	1,202,000
— 1861-1862	1,700,000
Loss by exchange in the last two years	1,697,000
	5,976,000

(The loss by exchange arises from the Government receiving its revenue in paper at home, and having to pay a portion of its liabilities abroad and in gold. It should be included in the ordinary expenditure of the year, but it appears it is not.) Such a normal state of deficit is evidently conducive to foreign borrowings, and if we can have confidence in Turkish administration, the figures

of her debt will not prevent our lending. It is only as follows:—

#### TURKISH DEBT.

Foreign debt	£14,500,000
Home debt	9,000,000
Debt to Galatz merchants and others at high interest	4,500,000
Claims unpaid and other departmental liabilities	8,500,000
	36,500,000
Inconvertible paper money against which no specie is held	5,000,000
	41,500,000

The paper money is by the aid of the new loan, in part at least, to be paid off or turned into stock; and if we look to the revenue of the country, there ought to be no doubt of Turkish solvency, if Orientals could be trusted to manage there would not be. But we are not concerned now with Turkish stability or Turkish credit. We only say that, by a series of deficits, she has absorbed her share of the world's capital, and unless there is a great change of system, will continue likewise to absorb it.

Lastly, of foreign countries, there is America, of which we may speak concisely, because we have often said much, and because there is no possibility of giving accurate figures. The Federal Government may not have, to use Napoleon's phrase, "organized victory," but they have organized indebtedness. Their power of subsisting without cash is to the Old World marvellous. But their liabilities are enormous. Mr. Spaulding, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, says that by the 1st of July, 1863, their debt will be £240,000,000 sterling; and it is difficult to feel reliance on any figures. All military expenditure defies calculation; all large expenditure not *immediately* defrayed defies calculation. When we have an immense military expenditure of which real payment is postponed, we may well disbelieve all figures on the subject. On the 1st of July, 1860, the Federal debt was little more than £14,000,000 sterling. By the end of the year it will probably be £214,000,000 sterling, to be paid or not to be paid, as the case may be.

From this survey of foreign countries we may turn to our own, and at first sight the contrast is favorable. Instead of the awful

augmentation which we have seen in the debt of France, the debt of England stands now as follows, in comparison with fifteen years since:—

## ENGLAND.

	Funded Debt.	Unfunded Debt.	Total.
31 Dec., '47	£772,401,851	£17,946,500	£790,348,351
31 Dec., '61	784,420,007	16,629,800	799,949,807

which is certainly no alarming change. But though national vanity would incline us to be proud of English finance, and *we are proud of it*, in comparison with the figures we have set out, we must not forget what we should have said if we were speaking of a foreign country. If Austria had boasted of a surplus, and if Hungary had been getting deeper and deeper into debt on her own account, we should have vigorously contended that the accounts of the province and the accounts of the empire must be considered together. We must apply the same rule to India, and during the last few years the Indian debt has augmented rapidly and much. The debt of India was—

	In India.	In England.	Total.
30 Apr., 1857	£55,546,652	£3,916,317	£59,461,969
At the date of the last pub- lished return, being Dec. 31, 1860, for Eng- lish debt; Apr. 30, 1859, for Indian	77,290,245	29,674,992	106,965,237

— an augmentation of £47,000,000. And this is quite exclusive of any liabilities of the Indian Government on railway guarantees, or of any liabilities except those of money had and received. With these figures before us, we must own that though England herself has not been of late a large borrower of floating capital, yet her principal dependency, deriving her credit from her strength, and borrowing only and exclusively because she is ruled by Englishmen, has been a very great borrower.

Can anything be more remarkable than the universality of these claims by governments upon capital? France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Turkey, America, and India, to say nothing of minor powers, who have many of them suggested petty demands, have all abstracted for non-producing purposes part of the producing power of mankind. No general figures on such a subject can have an approach to accuracy; but can any one who has read the foregoing, and who remembers that M. Fould has borrowed money,

that Russia has borrowed money, that Turkey has borrowed money since the dates of the statistics we have given, say that the following rough account is erroneous in its general and broad result?

Loans of the world between 31st Dec., 1852, and 31st Dec., 1862.

France	- - - - -	£170,000,000
America	- - - - -	200,000,000
India	- - - - -	47,000,000
Other nations	- - - - -	83,000,000
	Total	500,000,000

— one of the most enormous aggregates ever withdrawn by governments from the creative powers of mankind—the most enormous, perhaps, ever abstracted by a *coalition* of governments, who are consentaneous in their object, though they have not consulted as to its attainment. And the process is still going on. While money in Lombard Street hovers between two and two and a half per cent, all governments likely to want money will come here for loans, and more or less we shall lend them. As men of business we ought to do so. The only rule for a capitalist is the rule of profit and loss. It is not for Lombard Street to estimate ethical, or political, or even economical advantages; it is only competent to estimate pecuniary advantages, and for that it is astutely competent. It is wise to lend while the security is good, and it is wise in capitalists, *as such*, to inquire no further. By combining money matters with political matters, we shall probably both lose our money and vitiate our politics.

But as considerate and intelligent men, what are the causes of this expenditure? Some of it is due to exceptional and wonderful events. The American secession and the Indian mutiny are events which must confound all calculation, and which must leave their patent mark on those monetary figures that are the *meter* of civilization. It would be pedantic to apply the same rule to the exchequers of all countries. The state of Turkey may well excite the hope of those who fought for her in the Crimean war. The efforts of Russia to free her serfs and to set right her currency may well warm the sympathy of by-standers. Our judgment may still be at fault, and be wanting in a full and conclusive opinion. We could not expect rigid finance from the new kingdom of Italy; it would be expecting a baby to have consistent bones. But when all these extenu-

ating considerations are admitted and even exaggerated, a large residuum remains. It would be unfair to call this the charge of international *hated*, but it undeniably is the charge of international *distrust*. We spend much because France spends much; Mr. Cobden says France spends much because we spend much. Undeniably, each expenditure *tends* in the long run, and special instances and particulars apart, to augment the other. All nations borrow excessively solely because they spend excessively. Let us, therefore, see carefully what our danger is. We do not agree with Mr. Lindsay that because we are friendly with France, therefore we need no armaments on account of France. In business we keep a reserve fund, not against existing dangers, but against possible angers. We provide not only for what we expect, but for what we do not expect. But do we know against what we are providing? The defensive outlay of a nation should be similar: we should know, not with pedantic accuracy, but in a general sketch, what is the

aggressive force against which we are providing?—what is the defensive force with which we intend to resist? Nothing is so idle as to vote, like Mr. Disraeli, for enormous expenditure, and then to raise a nugatory cheer by talking in a singular metaphor of “bloated armaments.” A statesman should beforehand define our danger, and beforehand specify our preservation. We can economize in but one way—the world can economize in but one way, by seeing what is the real risk we run from our neighbors, and then reducing our defensive armaments to the sufficient *minimum*.

Lastly. One pleasing observation may be drawn from all these unpleasant figures. The only nation which has gone through the last few years without greatly increasing her debt is England—the only nation which has real free trade. The industry of the year has only been sufficient for the wants of the year in the one country where industry is uncrippled and unfettered.

“FORTY WINKS” is the title of a small piece recently produced at St. James’ Theatre. It is a mere dialogue, taken from the French, and constructed with uncommon neatness. The two characters represented in it are performed by Mr. George Vining and Miss Herbert. The former, as *Mr. Peregrine Poppyfield*, is a country gentleman to whom a London party is “a weariness to the flesh,” and who falls asleep after supping with the hostess, and continues in that state long after every one else has left. The lady herself discovers him at four o’clock in the morning, and is at a loss what to do. She requests him to remain as if asleep until the servants get up; but Mr. Poppyfield takes a different view of the matter, and creates a diversion to serve an ulterior purpose. The lady is alarmed, lest, after all, the gentleman should have intended to rob the house, and is therefore induced to continue the conversation, during which she is made to feel that she is compromised to a certain extent, and therefore becomes willing to listen to her visitor, who, when once awakened, is evidently “wide awake” to his own interests. The incident ends with a courtship in real earnest; and the curtain falls on the well-grounded expectation, on the part of the audience, that the next morning will witness the marriage of the fortunate interlocutors. This little drama was well received.

SELLOR HUBER, of Vienna, has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, and produced about £3,000. A silver didrachm of Camarina, in Sicily, brought £42,—another variety, though still rarer, brought only £29.—A tetradrachm of Syracuse, with full-faced head of Arethusa (probably a copy from a picture or statue), the work of an artist of the first merit, brought £136.—A beautiful and unpublished tetradrachm of Chalcis in Macedon fetched £16 16s.—Amyntas the Second or Third in silver (only two known), bought for an eminent collector, £14 14s.; the other specimen is in our British Museum.—Monunius, the King of Illyria, £18.—A tetradrachm of Aetolia, £15.—A gold didrachm of Athens (one hundred and thirty grains), £51 10s.; it was found near Thebes. The high prices which the gold coins of Athens command in the market are due, not to their beauty of fabric, but mainly to their great rarity.—The only gold coin of Cius yet known, of beautiful fabric and graceful design, entitled to a high price, was keenly contested, and ultimately secured by the British Museum for £142, and thus saved from future changes.—A rare copper coin of the Bythinian or Mysian city of Hadriana, brought £6 1s. Its workmanship was good; contrary to what is usually seen upon the coins of that period.—A tetradrachm of Arsinoe the First (whose portrait in this instance is a jewel of workmanship) was purchased for £61,—a gold drachma of Berenice the Second, from the collection of Schleiderhauss, and found in Alexandria, £37.

GREEK COINS.—A collection, comprising hundreds of unpublished coins formed by Coun-

## THE BATTLE-FIELD FROM THE BALLOON.

THE following is from the last letter of the correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* :—

"Col. Lowe's balloon, yesterday, was stationed near Gaines' Mills, on the right centre of the Federal line and within six miles of Richmond. It was in the air the whole day, and in the few hours it ascended, some thirty or forty army officers observed the position of the enemy's troops from the elevated point of view it afforded.

"The balloon is held to the ground by a strong cord a thousand feet in length, and of course ascends to that distance above the earth. When the balloon has ascended at this point to the end of the tether, a grand view of both armies is unfolded. Within a circle of two miles in radius the sight is very perfect; before that the angle of vision becomes so nearly horizontal that woods, houses, and hills materially interfere with the view. The landscape has three marked objects upon it, which are the first to strike the eye. The Chickahominy, almost beneath one's feet, bordered by its dark green swamps, runs like a thread from where it rises on the horizon, away off to the northwest, to where it blends with woods and hills in the south-east.

"The James River in front, though distant, runs in a deep, crooked valley, and bears on its bosom hundreds of craft that, in the distance, look like white specks upon the blue waters. Richmond, covering a large portion of the western horizon, is, however, the principal sight. It appears to the balloonist as a confused medley of red, white, and black, and heavy brown fortifications, stretching from the right to the left, while thick walls, and plentifully sprinkled with cannon, surround it on all sides.

The Capitol Square can scarcely be discerned, being too thickly surrounded by buildings. The white capitol, however, is

quite conspicuous, and of course the stars and bars float over the roof. Three church spires, seemingly all in one spot, are the brightest part of the town, and catch the eye almost before the observer is aware he is looking at Richmond. But little else, however, can be distinguished, although, for a general view of the town, nothing could be better than that from the balloon. The space between the Chickahominy and the fortifications around Richmond is almost filled with rebel camps.

"A thousand cavalry horses were picketed in one field, and others were plentifully sprinkled all about. Wedge tents, used by the officers, and little dog tents by the men, shone in every direction as the sun's rays struck them. Entrenchments and rifle-pits lined the front of their position, though very few guns were mounted. Several guns of heavy calibre are sprinkled along these earthworks. Rebel camps, however, are the most prominent of all the sights. They show in every direction, and the southern and western horizon seems to be their only boundary.

"Of our own position as seen from the balloon, I must be silent. One thing, however, in the whole view is most remarkable. Right through the centre of the picture runs a curved belt of dark green and yellow about a mile wide. Not a man, gun, tent, or wagon appears upon it. It is the line between the two armies. Over it cannon-balls are thrown, and on its surface scouts and pickets hide from each other, but no military signs are to be seen upon it.

"Everywhere else, stretched as far as the eye can reach, are the thousand and one things incident to war: but this broad, quiet, deserted belt of land, so lonely, so sombre, varying only as it is swamp, or field, or stream, lies there so still that it almost inspires the beholder. Jupiter's rings or Saturn's belts never wore a grander sight than this belt of land on which nothing like tent or gun appears."

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AN interesting though melancholy return of the number of suicides during 1860, in England and France, has been published. By this it appears that in England 1,365 persons (being one in 14,286 of the population) terminated their existence, while in France the numbers were 3,057 men and 842 women. During the

same year, 14,775 persons in England and Wales died a violent death, being one to every 1,328 of the population. The returns further show that many women are now burnt to death in consequence of the prevailing fashion respecting dress, the annual number, according to the Registrar-General, far exceeding those who were formerly burnt as witches.